The COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XXXVII *December* 4, 1942 NUMBER 7

THE WEEK		155
LECTURE NOTES	*Didymus*	157
FAITH AND SORROW	*George N. Shuster*	160
RALPH ADAMS CRAM	*Charles D. Maginnis*	162
MANDAN	*T. D. Lyons*	164
BOOKS TO GIVE	*The Editors*	166
VIEWS AND REVIEWS	*Michael Williams*	172
COMMUNICATIONS		173
THE STAGE	*James N. Vaughan*	176
THE SCREEN	*Philip T. Hartung*	177
VICTOR HUGO	*M. A. Couturier*	178
BOOKS OF THE WEEK		179

On Native Ground—Young Man of the World—Norma Ashe—The Common Heart—The Edge of the Abyss—Our Age of Unreason—What Does Gandhi Want?—We're in This with Russia—Briefers

THE INNER FORUM *Edward D. Kleinlerer* 187

THE COMMONWEAL *is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index* and *Catholic Bookman.*
Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York
Annual Subscription: U. S. and Canada, $5.00; Foreign, $6.00

Editors: EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
PHILIP BURNHAM (*now on duty with the armed forces*)

HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor;* MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor;* C. G. PAULDING, *Literary Editor;* JOHN BRNBAKER, *Advertising Manager.*

Man Is a Political Animal

"UNITED NATIONS Hold the Initiative on Every Front." So reads a welcome newspaper head. After three years of almost uninterrupted bad tidings, a little good warms the heart like wine. Perhaps the President is right. Perhaps we have reached a turning point, a summit from which to let the broad Pacific of the future swim into our ken. There are still many jungles to traverse, rivers to cross, wild beasts to outwit, but, to change the metaphor, light does seem to be filtering in at the end of the tunnel.

So much for the military situation which, with all our fingers crossed, looks good. Unfortunately the political situation is of an altogether different complexion. The only word which seems to fit what has been taking place is "disintegration." The reasonably stable and known values attached to many of Europe's politicians a few months ago have crumbled. Politician Darlan (his naval tag is quite secondary, to all practical purposes) is now our ally, and presumably governor, *locum tenens,* of North Africa. We hear Franco will refuse the Germans passage, and if he does, he will become our ally, too. BBC throws out hints of Ciano turning into our Italian sugar-daddy. Very little remains, in principle, before we hear that Laval, Quisling, and we-know-not-what Great General Staff officer are all working on our behalf, all making us beholden to them. Exaggerated? Well, two months ago the prophecy that Darlan was to hand us Dakar on a golden platter would have seemed a bitter irony or a bad joke.

The meaning of all this is so clear it eludes our grasp. The real fight we have to win is on the political front. Of course military victory is an all-important prerequisite, but that victory, with what it will cost in blood and sweat and tears, can turn into a hollow nonsense if it is to restore to power men whose selfish, nationalist bungling has brought us to this pass. It is the political even more than the military front we must watch, for it is there that we can sow—unwittingly, in a brusque soldierly, sea-dog fashion—the dragon's teeth of new wars, new crimes, new famine and new sudden death.

The purpose of these lines is not so much to criticize what has been allowed (or arranged) in North Africa. There are times when expediency has to play its part, when rigid adherence to labels becomes a blood-stained quixotry. The purpose is rather to underline the obligation of citizens to watch, above all things, the political front, to watch it tolerantly, understandingly, but with the conviction that at base all things must be rubbed against the touchstone of principle. We, too, shall do our best to watch and interpret, as we always have done, on the political level. But all this watching will be of no avail unless it forms men's minds, and leads them to exert precisely that sort of pressure on their own political leaders which can, in the nick of time, prevent expediency's being made a principle.

Governor Lehman's New Post

ONE THING the watchful citizen can applaud is the President's appointment of Herbert Lehman as American Director of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation. The choice is an excellent one; a man more fitted for the responsibility would be difficult to find. But more important than that is the growing realization that the United States is planning to take the lead in the relief and rehabilitation that are to follow allied victories in vast sectors of the globe. It is believed that more than 500,000,000 fellow-humans will be in need by the time hostilities are ended. We must start large-scale preparations for worldwide relief and rehabilitation now. Surely here is one of our most powerful political and economic weapons. It should help immeasurably in shortening the war.

As a starter there is the Lend-Lease set-up for Governor Lehman to work with. Our first terrain is North Africa, and our aid will be extended to other lands as new areas are freed from the Axis yoke. Although it will begin as a purely American project, Britain and the other United Nations will join in this program, which is to indicate to the peoples of the world the contrast between the despoiling New Order of the Axis and the "peace

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and bread" which are the lot of those who range themselves in the United Nations camp.

The first things to be shipped are such essentials for immediate use as food, clothing and medicine. In the long run outside help will have to concern itself with methods of enabling the various peoples to be self-sustaining right along. Rehabilitation along both agricultural and industrial lines will be in order. It will not be enough to supply seeds, cattle, chickens, horses, hogs and feed, to help restore mines, factories and means of transportation, to establish appropriate new industries and supply factory machinery. Commercial arrangements will also have to be established for the sake of the export markets and products to be imported to set and maintain a viable peacetime economy in motion in many war-torn lands. The more the many facets of the program are considered, the more obvious it becomes that if it is to operate efficiently and in time, the leading personnel of the new relief organization must be recruited and start training now, expanding as the liberated territories increase and victory grows nearer. Here is an encouraging sign that the United States is beginning to assume its world responsibilities.

Our Role in Africa

NORTH, and now West, Africa to a limited and less acute degree present the problem that will confront the governing authorities in Europe and the Orient on the distant day of victory. For two years Tunis, Morocco and Algiers have been stripped to feed the Axis war machine. Because of enforced neglect, transportation facilities have greatly deteriorated. And today with the break with Vichy France the meager imports of fuel, gasoline for the fishing industry, rayon and other cloth, agricultural implements, mining machinery and sundry important items have been completely cut off. It is of military consequence for the United States to supply over and above whatever these lands obtained from Vichy France. By the same token something must be done about temporarily withholding a part of our soldiers' pay so that the civilian population in those regions may not feel aggrieved at seeing the scant supply of consumers' goods now available snatched up by "rich" Americans on furlough.

The details of our control over North and West Africa are not yet complete. The French administration is remaining at its post. Africa is for us primarily a temporary military base and our direct responsibilities, though real, are limited. It is hardly the time, nor are we in a position, to take any stand on the aspirations of the native peoples or to attempt the delicate task of regulating the relations between the various elements in the population. We are responsible for the conduct of our men, for the replenishing of the materials we utilize or have cut off and for the feeding of the residents of the areas under our military control. If we go beyond our bare responsibilities and begin to rehabilitate these African regions, too, we shall be forging powerful political weapons.

It is said that the first American convoys to Africa brought along considerably railway equipment. While this might be of use to the civilian populace, it was undoubtedly to assure effective transportation of our troops. The wealth of data we have on the present state of things in French Africa can be put to excellent use if we also ship to those territories the chief essentials of which they are in need. At our present rate of progress it seems hardly likely that much of the dark continent will serve as an active battleground. Much can then be accomplished there toward winning the war if we successfully apply and develop our technique of material aid and effective rehabilitation that will serve as a hope for the people of Europe now languishing under the Axis heel. More than this, it can point the way toward a new economic (and, as a consequence, political) status for the world's colonial peoples. Due to an able plan of attack, North Africa appears on the verge of going over completely to the United Nations. If we use this victory intelligently and in the interest of the local peoples, our achievement will lead to even greater strides toward the liberation of other peoples in the world.

Practical Politics

LAST WEEK, in discussing the poll tax bill which led to a filibuster lasting more than a week in the United States Senate, we pointed out that the political pressure against the bill was far stronger than might be indicated by the fact that only the Senators from the eight poll tax States were actively opposed to the measure. These Senators themselves threatened to split the Democratic Party on the issue, and everything points to the fact that there has been a great deal of Southern opposition to the Administration's policy regarding Negroes in general. The pressure in favor of the bill, which would easily have carried the Senate had it been put to a vote, was, in the nature of things, far less intense. Neither the Workers Defense League nor the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People nor any of the other organized groups supporting these two in their fight could possibly promise to split the Republican Party if the bill were not passed, or to heal the breach in the ranks of the Democrats if it were. And the only other pressure in favor of passage was an abstract idea—the effect of the bill upon various peoples in the Far East and upon the largely unvocal section of our own population affected.

The final result was therefore probably a foregone conclusion. We ourselves strongly advo-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cated passage of the bill, and we still believe that the poll tax remains a wrong which some day will have to be righted. Yet the means used to shelve the bill in themselves call for a certain amount of analysis and comment. Such means on the face of it are shabby, and neither particularly just nor precisely compatible with any ordinary ideal of the democratic process. A filibuster is going great guns; the Senate is prevented from transacting highly important business; it is therefore decided to introduce a motion to impose closure on debate, i.e., restrict the amount of time allowed to each Senator for debate. Had such a motion passed (a two-thirds vote is necessary) it would eventually have forced a vote on the bill. As it did not pass, and majority leader Barkley had made a dicker with the Southern Senators giving them assurance that if the closure motion failed to pass the bill would be shelved for the rest of this session, any further action on this question is postponed until the next Congress convenes. This certainly is a reprehensible means for accomplishing a purpose without anybody's losing face. Plenty of Senators could allege lofty motives for voting against the closure motion when they in fact favored the bill. They did so.

And yet from another point of view, to which we also alluded last week, such procedures are a part of the very essence of our democratic process and help to make it viable. It has frequently been remarked that no democracy can survive unless the generality of its citizens are in agreement on the more fundamental issues. They can, and should, disagree over details and methods, and it is perfectly possible for a democracy to survive a situation in which there is fundamental disagreement between the generality and small minorities. But if such a cleavage exceeds these bounds, if it finds adherents even amounting to a large minority, the rift could become extreme and threaten the whole equilibrium of the State. The only possible end consequences of pushing things to a conclusion are either civil war, secession, revolution or anarchical collapse. Hence when an issue threatens to cause too great a schism, there must be some machinery to prevent the imposition of the will of an absolute majority upon the will of a large and determined minority, even though the majority is morally in the right and the minority morally in the wrong, for if there were no such machinery, the schism could, if allowed to fester, destroy the nation, and this would be a greater evil than the injustice arising from defeat for an absolute and right majority.

To give this broad sociological analysis is not to weaken one's advocacy of poll tax abolition. Poll taxes work their injustice principally upon Negroes; they also affect hundreds of thousands of poor whites in precisely the same way. All that this line of thought does indicate is that what principally needs doing is the tempering of individual attitudes, back home in those eight Southern States, so that the next time the issue arises, the threatened schism will cut far less deep, and there will be no need to resort either to filibusters or closure motions to resolve the problem.

N. B.

CURRENT PROOF that it is possible to get out a readable diocesan paper and one which is not cut and dried is *The Tidings* of the Archdiocese of Los Angeles (3241 South Figueroa St.). We do not say this because one of its leading editorials recently urged readers to enroll as ten-dollar Commonweal Associates. But since the Rev. Thomas J. McCarthy became editor of *The Tidings* several weeks ago, the paper has undergone a remarkable face-lifting. The front page has been redesigned in the interest of clarity and simplicity; the illustrations and whole set-up of the paper have been vastly improved. Important, however, as are these changes in appearance the main thing is the new features that have been added or substituted. One of the most lively and useful of these is a Woman's Page, which embodies all sorts of invaluable suggestions for the wardrobe and the pantry. *The Tidings* is also now making the most of proximity to Hollywood, featuring human-interest, inside stories on stars and pictures. There is an informative radio column as well. A book page with local talent reviewing at length important current books is one of the most interesting sections. Rev. Edwin Ryan writes on Latin America and the paper includes three or four of the best NCWC standard columns. Comments of the editor himself on local or other developments of general significance are unusually forthright and to the point. In short, *The Tidings* now indicates that it is possible to produce a lively diocesan paper without confusing Christian militancy with chronic belligerency.

DAVID BURNHAM, drama critic of THE COMMONWEAL for the past year, has just been inducted into the Army. His column has been one of the most popular features of the magazine, his criticism sound, based on a real grasp of principles, expressed in precise and brilliant fashion. James N. Vaughan, one of the board of directors of the magazine, has undertaken to serve as THE COMMONWEAL's new drama critic.

Lecture Notes

THE DIFFERENCE between a genuine Judaism and a genuine Christianity is like the difference between a young girl who has been promised a husband in a dream, and a married woman who believes that she loves and is loved.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The young girl knows that the decisively important thing has not yet happened to her, that her present life is therefore a period of anticipation, important not in itself but in its relation to the future. How excited she gets before every ball; how eagerly she listens to every scrap of gossip about what eligible young men are to be present; with what infinite care she chooses her dress; how thoroughly she reads the beauty magazines and conscientiously performs the tedious exercises they recommend, so that she may look her best that evening, for—who knows—perhaps this time He will be there. But anything which does not seem to bear directly on love and marriage, seems to her boring and irrelevant. In school she finds it hard to keep her mind on the arithmetic book, and when the conversation round her turns to politics or finance or literature, she begins to fidget—what have these to do with her future happiness?

To the married woman, on the other hand, the decisively important thing has already happened, and because of this everything in the present is significant; she is perfectly content to discuss the coming election with her partner, to listen to the children's account of the football game, to dance and laugh with the fat but still gallant old novelist, to spend an afternoon playing bridge at the Ladies Club, not because she thinks they are serious matters, but because what is serious is no longer something she has to be on the lookout to discover.

The literature of Judaism is art, not religion, but it is in the main religious art, i.e., about religious emotions. It looks at nature and history with one aim—to perceive the hand of God. Everything else seems unseemly frivolity.

If, within Christendom, art has been able to concern itself with "secular" subjects, i.e., the same subjects as those of pagan art, it is not because, like paganism, it takes these subjects seriously, but because it is not so anxious at heart that it cannot enjoy frivolity.

* * *

Faith for Judaism is the power to endure the suffering of waiting. The possibility of offense for Judaism lies in the fact that God has not yet fulfilled His promise. For the Jew to be offended is for him to despair, and say: "The promise is never going to be fulfilled; therefore there is no God." This is despair, but he knows that it is despair. When a Jew loses his faith, he becomes consciously an atheist.

Faith for Christianity means the power to endure the paradox that Jesus, the individual historical man, was and is, as He claimed, Christ, the only begotten Son of the Father.

The Christian possibilities of offense are therefore two: the direct refusal to believe, as when certain disciples walked no more with Him, and then the much more insidious offense of not recognizing that the offense exists.

Thus a man can say: "Of course I am a Christian. There are the Gospels to prove that Jesus existed, and the existence of the Church to prove that His claim to be Christ was true. I go to church every Sunday. What it all means, I can safely leave to the theologians."

This is as if a married woman were to say: "Look at my large centrally-heated apartment, and here is my marriage license which my lawyer tells me is valid. I can't say I remember ever having met my husband personally, but what of that? The important thing is that I can put Mrs. before my name." A Christian, that is, can lose his faith or never have won it without ever realizing it. He can be a pagan, and still grow red in the face over all the commmunists and free-thinkers in our school system.

* * *

The shocking proof that this is happening today is the appearance of anti-Semitism among those who profess and call themselves Christians.

The anti-Semitism of the Middle Ages was a wicked thing, but at least it regarded the Jew as a heretic, not as a member of a racial group. It persecuted the Jew because he refused to be baptized.

Modern anti-Semitism, on the other hand, is one symptom of a Christendom which has taken offense at faith, but finding that nothing means social breakdown, is determined to replace it by a pagan political religion. The Jew is persecuted because he cannot deceive himself. His witness is this—either faith or nothing. Whereas a corrupt Christendom wants to say: "Faith is too difficult; nothing is despair; we must have no God but Caesar. There might be no harm, though, in Caesar being a cleric."

* * *

Hitler says this frankly, and knows perfectly well that in so far as Christians are sincere in saying *I* believe in God, not *we* believe in God, they are just as dangerous as the Jews.

But what are we to think of Christians who attack a race as a disintegrating influence? If there were really any difference between them and Hitler, they would be running a mission for the conversion of the Jews.

No, it shows only too clearly that there are many churchgoers whom the Evil One has seduced into mistaking for that invisible co-inherence of souls in the love of Christ which is the Church Catholic and Universal, the Evil One's blasphemous parody, a manifest contract of souls in reflective self-love which, under whatever name, Church or State, it may pass, is the age-old imperial *Romanitas,* Leviathan, the Beast.

DIDYMUS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Revolution V

WE LANDED in Africa. And all that which had been maps and plans suddenly became a street, a city, a railroad. All that which had been planned on the maps now took place in Africa and the plan, which had been to go from one place to another marked on the map of Africa, now meant that American soldiers were in cities where men lived, in a country where men lived, marching along a road, hesitant at cross roads, looking at the maps of course, but watching also the turns of the road, covered also with the dust which rose from the road, fired upon at times by a machine gun that spattered the road with bullets. Everything that had been marked on the map, all the photographs the soldiers had been shown, became now heat, and fatigue, and houses that were lived in, and the shouting and the noise of motors—the crowds of people in the streets and the lonely and unfamiliar road at night. The American soldier with his duty and his purpose stood at the edge of Europe; and distance and combat, and all that is real in war, was there for him to touch and see, and will be there with him—the crowds and the loneliness, the fighting and the foreign speech—until he has brought the war to a close.

We landed in Africa. Our soldiers landed in Africa, but it is not trade alone that follows the flag. Our soldiers were accompanied by the policy of the United States, the rhetoric and the emotion in which it has been wrapped. Africa was the first step to free the oppressed. Africa was our first rendez-vous with free peoples rising to join us.

But the French in Africa did not rise to join us. We came to them with our program and they did not accept it. We kept de Gaulle off stage; we kept the British in the background. Even so the French in North Africa did not join us. We offered them a leader, General Giraud. They did not follow him. They followed Darlan and it was with Darlan that we made the deal. We entered French Africa and we discovered that, in the colonies, the "people" are not there to rise and that it is with the prevalent social structure, the military and the political structure, that we must deal. In North Africa we are dealing with a colonial hierarchy, obedient to laws of its own, to peculiar laws of duty and honor, living in a closed world of its own interest. Had we called on the "people," the "people" were in France and were not in Africa to hear us; the only "people" who could have heard us were the Arabs and the Moors—the only popular revolution would have been theirs. That was a revolution we did not want.

We were confronted with a specific situation and we acted as best we could. The sense of embarrassment, the feeling of disillusion at having Darlan "temporarily" at our side come to us now because we had not prepared—we had not been prepared—for this sudden confrontation of ideals with given political, social and military facts.

Our presence in Europe will bring a series of such confrontations. Wherever our ideal is offered to a nation in Europe, whenever and wherever we ask a nation in Europe to join us, we will have to face the specific conditions in which each of these nations is living. Each time we will have to ask ourselves this question: are we appealing for support to the common people of the nation—in which case we are calling for a revolution—or are we willing to accept the collaboration of the forces actually dominant in the nation—in which case we will progress from treason to treason. From Darlan to Franco, to any Italian leader who feels the game is up, and then on to a choice of German generals, and so on and so forth to victory. And after victory onward to the logical task of protecting and supporting these people who have helped us achieve it. Such a dismal progression would leave the common people of Europe perhaps a little more hopeless than ever before. Yet if one looks at the war simply as a conflict between governments, then the purchase of government officials, the replacement of those too greatly committed by others amenable to reason, would seem the easiest way to win the war. The easiest way to secure the collaboration of Spain would be through Franco. It would avoid a Spanish revolution. The easiest way to enter Italy would be to do so on the invitation of some Marshal Badoglio; this would avoid an Italian revolution. The easiest road to Berlin would be marked out for us by patriotic German Generals. This might avoid murder, disorder and communism in Germany.

The word revolution recurs again and again in these pages. That cannot be helped. Revolution is implied in all our theory of the war. Most Americans believe that it is only through popular revolution against the totalitarian governments that we can find popular support for a coherent peace. But most Americans live also in fear of the revolution they call for. They know that revolution in Spain, in Italy, in Germany will not stop at a mere change of government and régime. In our minds we are divided, and it is also for this reason, and not wholly for reasons of expediency, that our policy is uncertain. We want a revolution that will not go too far. The phrase we really like is the one—used recently by Mr. Berle in his speech to the Italians—about "peaceful processes." If only a revolution could be pledged to "peaceful processes"! Meanwhile we advance toward victory on a tightrope, looking to the Right and to the Left.

C. G. PAULDING.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Faith and Sorrow

Where is there sorrow like unto My sorrow?

By George N. Shuster

THE PRIMATE of Poland has several times spoken to the world about the disasters which have befallen his people. I suppose that all who listened to his addresses or read them afterward will never be able to forget the vision of sorrow which then engulfed their minds. For here was not just an account of the suffering visited upon men in battle or upon women who wait in vain for a soldier's homecoming, but here was also an invitation to surmise the heartbreak and brutal pain that can descend upon children and old people, upon the clean of heart and upon strong men doomed to stand helplessly by, unable to oppose the fury of the Gestapo. I know only too well what such agony means. Nevertheless all this is merely a ripple on the vast sea of human sorrow. Into those dark waters the tears of each and every one of us flow. The days which follow all battles are memorable because the flags are black by reason of our mourning. And if there is no fighting, but only peace, what respite is there for us? The beggar's nurse and Caesar's forever hold some dead loved one in their arms. Our banners have the color of blood on them always.

How shall the human being meet this challenge to his steadfastness of mind? Perhaps it was just because men sought the answer to this query that Christianity supplanted the civilizations of ancient Greece and Rome. Previously the philosophers had wrestled with the problem, and the replies they offered were the best human intelligence and courage could provide. The noble Stoic held that acceptance of ill fortune was the discipline which taught mankind greatness; and as the Greek bowed his head in the presence of Necessity, the *Anangke,* he tried to discern in it the law of the gods, for which it behooved men to have reverence. But though these were the responses of brilliant thinkers and good men, they could not soothe the breaking hearts of humankind. It was the Christian message of hope alone which sufficed. It alone will suffice now. One must, however, see exactly what Christianity said and did.

The message of the Saviour contained no sedative or morphine. Indeed, it seemed to make suffering the central fact of life. Many a Roman thinker was shocked, as all disciples of Nietzsche are in our day, by a religion which worshipped a God-man nailed in ignominy to the Cross and slain there. Was He not one who had failed—had been betrayed and outraged, scourged and spit upon, deserted even by those whom He had made His most intimate companions? His Church did not try to forget what had been his lot. For nearly two thousand years it has wept over Him, every hour of the day and night. The image of Him suspended helpless and stark in death it has made the most familiar image in the world. Every poor troubled soul knows it. Every saint has cherished it. When Francis of Assisi had attained to the perfect life and was given a token of the Divine affection, the gift which was tendered him was that of the Stigmata, the five wounds of his Master. From the commencement to the end of every season the Christian Church prays that Jesus may be the light of men. But its Jesus is no prosperous person. In its innermost thought there is one hanged like a criminal on the bloody tree.

* * *

Christianity did not suggest to the Greek and the Roman that he take delight in a state of mind which assumed that evil and suffering do not exist. It did not even attempt to explain why they exist. To the Saviour's question, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" it sought to find no ingenious or paradoxical reply. The will of God was its peace. It knew only that through sin death had come into the world, and it tried to understand the full meaning of the dark mystery of sin. Christians suffered then, as they do now, sharply and pitiably. Yes, it may well be true that the Christian suffered even more atrociously than did his fellows, because he had developed a deeper awareness of innocence and love and justice.

Nevertheless this faith for the first time offered mankind what can best be described with the beautiful word "consolation." That gift was so precious that well-born Roman ladies, inured to every luxury, braved the wrath of the Caesars and death at the hands of wild beasts loosed upon the arena in order that they might receive it in their last hour upon earth. What was it, then? As nearly as we can surmise from the historical

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

record and dogmatic teaching, it was the certain knowledge that through suffering one could become more like unto Christ, who had triumphed over suffering. Let us take the phrases which we interpret all too conventionally and put them aside for a moment and think of what it meant to live very close in time to the Saviour who had risen from the dead and gone into the kingdom of Heaven. On earth, just a few years before, He had been crowned with thorns; and now, even here and now, He went resplendent in a body that was as radiant as light. To be like unto Him was to have assurance of that radiance. How great was the joy of those who in suffering and unbearable dejection saw that this was true! You can still hear the holy and unbounded laughter of the Christian converts as you read the ancient martyrologies. For them death was indeed swallowed up in victory. They sang and danced as they brought home the laurel wreaths of life and death.

It was not that any one sought out death and suffering and disappointment. The Saviour had never sought them. He had wanted to live in a healthy, happy, peaceful society. Everything He could possibly do to cure disease, to right wrong, to help people smile like little children He undertook gladly. Remember the day on which He came to the place where they were stoning a woman taken in adultery. He saved her from death with the cold courage that seems the most definite of His characteristics. Or recall the day at Cana when He gave the wedding guests wine. We are sure He was glad to see them merry. And so those who had been given the Christian consolation were eager to be like Him in all these things, too. The earliest converts started the first great hospital movement known to the ancient world, caring for the sick and the suffering regardless of who they were, praying for their recovery and easing their departure with all the medicines of earth and Heaven. They rose in opposition to the bloody shows in the arena. They freed the slaves when they could, and ransomed the captives of war. There has come down to us from their time a hallowed list of corporal and spiritual works of mercy, and these things they did for everybody, Christian or pagan, black or white, rich or poor. It was not that anybody kept a little book of some sort in which to write down good deeds, with a kind of notion that upon arriving in Heaven he or she would submit a statement and get a specified number of rewards. No, one simply tried to be a little more like Christ, to find some of His courage and joy, to hope that one might in the end go like unto Him into glory everlasting.

It seems to me that in these dire times of war the chance of discovering the Christian consolation should mean a great deal to us all. Christianity, which from the beginning fostered hospitals and the relief of the poor, has also in the same spirit of humanitarian service yearned to bring about peace. Perhaps no prayer in the liturgy is so frequently repeated as the prayer to be spared from war. The Church, however, knows that it cannot prevent armed conflict until all men have become perfect Christians. And so it does everything it can for those who suffer under the impact of war's brutal force. First, it offers consolation to the soldier. I quote from Cardinal Mercier: "If you ask me for my opinion concerning the eternal welfare of a brave man who voluntarily lays down his life to defend the honor of his country and to rescue justice from the violence done to it, I do not hesitate to reply that one cannot doubt in the least that Christ will award the crown to military courage, and that death suffered in a Christian spirit will assure the salvation of the soldier's soul." "Greater love than this no man hath," said our Lord, "that a man lay down his life for his friends."

* * *

Second, it gives an incomparable benediction to all who suffer—the special benediction which comes from the Saviour Himself, with its assurance of comfort. It is only too true that this blessing cannot bring back a beloved son or friend, cannot ease the dread wound which will throb for so many empty years. Blessed are they that mourn. Who that believes has failed to realize that in the agony of loss he has found comradeship with Divinity—that he has been privileged to take the marks of the scourging of his soul into eternal life?

The martyrs have known this, in our time as in the days of yore. They wait today in the dungeons of concentration camps, forgotten of all men save the few who dare not so much as whisper their names aloud. To them has been confided the searing fire of loyalty, so little understood in a time which seemingly would gain a victory with material things alone—with tanks and cannon, economic resources and the ruses of propaganda. But our forgotten martyrs no longer see through a glass darkly. They have looked down upon the city of Jerusalem with their Lord. They have gone into the Garden of Gethsemane. To many of them Golgotha had confided its last secret. But I know that in the eyes of some that died there was laughter I shall never comprehend. For they had seen the incongruity between the stakes for which men play and the burgeon of the eternal years.

* * *

Finally, and this is perhaps the most important solace for our sorely beleaguered generation—in Christianity alone is there hope that out of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tragedy of these days and years mankind may emerge into the light of a better time. So much that we have known and loved has already fallen into ruin. Every road in Europe has been jammed with the outcast, the forsaken, the despairing victims of oppression. But one gaunt symbol the tyrant against whom we and they struggle has set up for all of us to see. He has replaced the Cross of Christ with his own. He has said: "The things you witness are done not under the rood on which there died the Man of Galilee, but under this new crooked Cross of mine." And so everywhere where men sit in bondage, where children starve and women learn the bitter meaning of slavery, there rises the hope that the ancient image of Christian redemption may assert anew its power over the hearts of men. Yet here is a mystery. This hope will be realized only if we ourselves can attain to a measure of the fullness of our faith, with reverence, simplicity and fortitude.

Why should we crave sharp words any longer? Nothing can be gained for blaming our enemies for all that has happened. Yes, I think Christians must be very careful never to stand complacently beside the scenes of this war and hold that everything happened because their advice was not taken. That is not in the spirit of our tradition, so aware always of the deep and universal chasms of sin, of evil and of judgment. Looking down into those dark places, no deeper in all truth than our own hearts, we shall see mirrored there the vision of our fortitude. If the pagan can meet this stern hour bravely, so, surely, can we. Only what he does matters very little. But in every crumbling house in all the lands of earth there is somebody who waits to see whether we shall come through this dreadful midnight with the light of Christ in our hearts and hands. Only when he sees that we are approaching with that gift will he know that the hour of deliverance is at hand.

Ralph Adams Cram

An appreciation by an old friend.

By **Charles D. Maginnis**

THE ARTISTIC philosopher without the creative gift stops short of the demonstration. He can bring plausibility only to the mind, and the eye is the competent witness. But the artist, engrossed in the play of his personality, is more apt to put his trust in the sincerity of his emotions than to harness them to intellectual purpose. The art of architecture, however, has another discipline. Whether in sympathy or in protest, the architect must be in touch with his time. In this adjustment he may either subscribe to the relevance of contemporary taste or find his own conviction in a larger view of social history. The career of Ralph Adams Cram had an unaccustomed symmetry in that he was both architect and philosopher. Vivid in both capacities, it was the identification of a passionate and romantic thesis with his professional product which made him so piquant and even provocative a figure in the national life. Even when his medieval cause had won to it other talents of a competitive consequence, he was still to the American public the symbol of the Gothic idea. The measure in which this eminence rested on his individual capabilities as an architect is obscured by his partnerships. The prolific enterprise of his pen had carried him to a prominence that from the beginning shadowed the figure of the brilliant Bertram Goodhue up to their separation, when Goodhue's genius came to its own revelation. Behind these veiled identities a critical curiosity was always eager to sharpen the attributions. Cram was the planner and to him was usually credited the anatomy of the fabric and to Goodhue its engaging envelope. To whichever account we place the technical distinctions that marked the output of the Cram firm (and later he had other associates), history in the final judgment will probably withdraw little from the lay estimate of Cram's part in the Gothic movement. His was the flaming conviction and the eloquent voice.

In a day when the validity of traditional art has become a matter of vivacious controversy, we need to recall the state of architectural thought which Cram inherited. It was science that had, long before his advent, reduced architecture to an art of reminiscence. Europe had hitherto been a rigid mosaic of static societies which, each within its own boundaries, had nurtured their individual cultures and traditions. With the quick exchange of thought and the fluid movement of humanity came a new horizon and a new consciousness. In this new vision the beauty of the great past was dramatically unfolded to us. His-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tory lost the perspective of the books. We could wander now in the aisles of great cathedrals and rub our fingers on the Parthenon marbles. To the very elbow of the architect the camera carried the rich and disturbing record of the centuries. American art, particularly, had no native conviction with which to resist this wealth of ingratiation and was compelled to an eclecticism that, naïve and even diverting as it may appear now, was then a completely rational attitude. The intelligent exercise of the principle, indeed, during the last two generations has made for much that bears the convincing stamp of national expression.

The revival of Gothic in America followed with symbolic sequence close upon Romanesque adventure. The genius of Richardson had galvanized the earlier tradition into a robustious vitality, but its exciting vogue could not survive him and vanished in the illiterate mimicry of a host of followers. He had left, however, the superb evidence of himself in many notable things including Trinity Church in Boston where Episcopalianism for a dramatic moment exchanged the flavor of Canterbury for Arles and Salamanca.

Note of sentiment

Keyed to a note of sentiment, the country was receptive to Gothic ingratiations. Unlike the Romanesque episode, which came of a single predilection, the Gothic enterprise was inspired by a contemporary movement already prospering in England under the leadership of Pugin and Street, of Ruskin and Burne-Jones. To Cram, who shared their faith in the resilience of the great medieval system, this was a cause that appealed no less to his English sympathies than to his philosophic temper. He never qualified his regard of an object or an idea. A thing was either superlatively good or superlatively bad. He gave enthusiastic sanction to the Gothic primacy of the Ile-de-France, but it was an intellectual tribute to a perfection which had no capacity over his affections. The romantic English landscape was the favorite resort of his professional imagination. It is not to be supposed, of course, that his artistic sympathies completely withstood the appeal of Latin traditions, or that his occasional employment of them had any insincerity in it. Indeed, it is significant of his growing catholicity of taste and his catholicity of feeling that in his maturity he should have acclaimed Seville as the finest Gothic interior in the world. Even if the dictum involved only minor loyalties, such an avowal by a leader of artistic thought at the moment of his greatest authority was an act of high courage.

Now professionally motivated, he became aware that his sentimental program would have to encounter the more realistic mind of America, but he found an ingenuity in the contention that, before architecture could advance again it must step backward to a sound footing. Ever a critic of Renaissance pretensions, he was convinced by the Gothic system not only by the allurement of its format but by its superlative integrity. And it is to be acknowledged that, as an architect, he was ever uncompromising in his scholarly reverence for the best principles of the tradition. Cram's professional interest lay almost exclusively in the ecclesiastical field, where there was obviously less question of Gothic pertinences, and the skillful understanding with which the style was adapted by him to the American scene carried it easily into popular acceptance. Ecclesiastical art at the opening of the century was at a debility that frequently evoked his scathing superlatives. Such buildings as rose to Gothic significance were largely the work of Upjohn and Vaughan, whose designs of Episcopal churches maintained a refined level of respectability, and of Renwick, whose Cathedral of St. Patrick in New York represented at once his own best achievement and the outstanding effort of the Catholics.

The output of Cram's firm was prodigious, so that a cathedral seemed only an incident of its normal practice. The parochial enterprise of the early years soon led to important commissions. National recognition came with the chapel and barracks at West Point and the Church of St. Thomas, Fifth Avenue, the one a work of splendid austerity, the other a blend of French and British opulences. Before the completion of St. Thomas's came the summons to enter the competition for the great Cathedral of St. John the Divine, the issue of which was the adoption of the Romanesque design of Heins and LaFarge. This momentous and seemingly irrevocable judgment must have offended Cram's philosophy more than his professional pride, and the perversity of the monumental enterprise continued heavily to occupy his mind. For immediate compensation there followed, however, many, if less vivid, satisfactions—notably the Chapel and Graduate College at Princeton, the Presbyterian Church at St. Paul, the Calvary Church at Pittsburgh, the Euclid Avenue Church in Cleveland, St. George's School Chapel at Newport, the Mellon Church at Pittsburgh, the Swedenborgian Church at Bryn-Athyn and the Sacred Heart Church at Jersey City. His authority as a Gothicist was growing with this accomplishment, so as inevitably to bring the anxious doubt as to the stylistic validity of the New York cathedral into positive challenge. Unable longer to resist the mounting criticism, the trustees, at a stage when the apse was already completed, turned over to Cram the difficult business of persuading the building to a Gothic orthodoxy. For obvious reasons, he sought to escape a responsibility presented to him under such singularly delicate circumstances, but it be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came finally impossible to refuse. While he did not live to see the end of this stupendous task, he had thoroughly shaped his design and seen it carried far into reality. There is a pathos and even a hint of tragedy in the incompletion of the St. John the Divine. It is not merely that its architect was denied the final vision of his *magnum opus*. It is a more profound matter than that, nothing less indeed than that the academic concept of architecture on which it depended must now confront a new and devastating philosophy. Its rising tide has already begun to break against the unfinished walls. So far, the mechanistic theory of design has vindicated only its adequacy to the topicalities. Whether it has the faculty to meet the invitation of a cathedral will need difficult proving. We feel all the compulsion of its biting logic but fail to detect in it a hint of eloquence. It has no language for our dreams, for those flights of the spirit that are the proof of our eternal striving. From its formidable implications, however, it is clear that a blight is coming upon many gracious things and the Gothic architecture is not likely to escape it.

Mandan

The story of Kearney who knew not to yield.

By T. D. Lyons

WHEN I got thoroughly settled on my claim "West of the River" I quit breaking at the end of my second two weeks and started sowing flax with my disc-seeder. Later on in the season, I got a chance to let some "contract breaking" to Charlie French and others, and by this means I succeeded in breaking and putting in one hundred forty acres to flax. In October Charlie French came with his separator and horsepower to start thrashing. The season of beautiful Indian summer or "squash summer" as Uncle Antoine Cardinelle by virtue of his Sioux blood called it, had begun. There was a golden haze in the air. The afternoons were languid; the days were short; the sun set early in a blood-red glow; the stars shone with a majestic peaceful beauty over the wide flat prairie, and the never resting prairie winds blowing gently all day and all night furnished a musical accompaniment to the purr of the separator. Every morning just before dawn, there was a light frost, and one morning Luchaire Perijon claimed there was a window glass pane of fragile ice on Choteau Creek. The flax crop was a great success, it went more than thirteen bushels to the acre, and sold for about thirty-three hundred dollars, giving a clear profit of seventeen hundred dollars over the cost of the "relinquishment" and all expenses.

On the day we wound up thrashing, my father and Colonel Jolley drove over from Bon Homme County, where Colonel Jolley had a suit to quiet title to a double allotment affecting the heirs of a Yankton Indian.

They were en route to Fort Randall to look up some witnesses. That night I had a big fire in the cook-stove and fried ham and eggs until one in the morning for the members of the thrashing crew, who were disposing of the contents of an eight-gallon keg of beer by way of a farewell party. Uncle Cardinelle did not enjoy beer, so I had brought a quart bottle of good standard brandy for the old gentleman, who was said to be almost ninety years of age, although he still plied his trade of stone-mason. He had been a river pilot on the Missouri in the golden days, having come to Elk Point with his parents from Canada at the age of three. He was fond of describing the burial of the Emperor Napoleon in Paris, under the fiction that he had been an eye witness, although he had never been in France. His father, according to Colonel Jolley, had been one of Napoleon's soldiers, and Uncle Antoine undoubtedly reproduced his father's account of the event. He really had a great personal acquaintance and friendship with Strike-The-Ree, the Yankton Sioux Chief, who was present in August, 1804, when Thunderbird and White Crane held their famous Council with Lewis and Clark at the Mouth of the James or as it was known at that time, the Saint Jacques River. Strike-The-Ree told him that Captain Merriwether Lewis gave a very dramatic signal for the meeting of the Council by setting the prairies on fire, a gesture that duly impressed the Sioux. Uncle Cardinelle said at that time and for many years thereafter the Dakota Nations were not unfriendly to the white men or to the United States, although they remained staunch to their ancient allies, the British, during the War of 1812. He told of Durion, the French Sioux interpreter, and Manuel Lisa, the Spaniard, who was the first United States Indian Agent to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tribes of the Upper Missouri, and always retained their friendship by his fair dealing. Lisa lived in St. Louis, which was the principal city of Louisiana Territory, and Uncle Cardinelle commented on the fact that all of that great Dacotah region had at one time been under the sovereignty of "the two greatest kings who ever lived" as he termed them—Louis XIV and Napoleon I. Colonel Jolley patriotically said that Thomas Jefferson would compare favorably with either of the great men named, and quoted Will Sterling, Dakota's silver-tongued orator, who in his great lecture on the Missouri River referred to Thomas Jefferson as "One who comes tramping down the aisles of fame with the Declaration of Independence under one arm and the Louisiana Purchase under the other."

Bon Homme Island

Colonel Jolley asked Uncle Cardinelle his views as to the origin of the fort on Bon Homme Island in the Missouri River and said that Lewis and Clark had left a good map of it in their official journal. There Cardinelle said that the general tradition was that that fort and other similar fortifications, the remains of which were still plainly visible throughout the Dakota region, had been built by the Mandan Indians, whose origin was shrouded in great mystery. My father said that he understood that the legends concerning the Mandans were purely romantic, and that they were in fact a cognate branch of the Sioux, somewhat similar to the Assiniboines. But Colonel Jolley disputed this, and said that the Mandans had been in Dakota much longer than the Sioux, and that they were a more highly civilized type of Indians. He told the story of George Catlin, the famous painter, who believed that the Mandans were descendants of a great Welsh colony which had landed in America about 100 A.D. under the leadership of the mythical Prince Madoc, and had intermarried with Indian tribes on the Atlantic seaboard. Various Welsh gentlemen bearing the glorious names of Morgan, and ap Thomas, Morgan Jones and Llewellyn and Caradoc and Maethvan and Rhys had solemnly certified with voice and pen to the absolute verity of the Madoc Legend. One enthusiastic Welsh missionary even told the tale of having saved his life when in captivity among the Mandans by accidentally speaking Welsh. The Mandan Chief immediately understood, and at once embraced the captive as a blood brother. My father and Colonel Jolley thought this tale might have been due to the well-known Welsh gift of literary artistry.

"But," said Colonel Jolley, "one portion of the great legend concerning the Mandans does rest on historical fact. Their tribe was at one time, before the Sioux came west of the Mississippi, the most important in the entire region of the Upper Missouri from Kansas City up to Port Buford. At one time the entire country between the Platte River and the British dominions on the north and the Missouri River and the Rockies on the west was universally given the name of Mandan by all of the frontiersmen, buffalo-hunters, stagecoach drivers, fur traders and gold prospectors, who traveled through that great region on the rivers or over the plains. When Minnesota Territory was organized, its western boundary was the Missouri River, and all that part of Dakota between the Missouri and the Big Sioux was comprised in Blue Earth County, Minnesota Territory. It was probably the largest county in the United States at that time. As the region west of the river between the Missouri and the Rockies was left without any legislative organization until Nebraska Territory was created in 1854, the fact that the few thousand white men who traversed the region, by common consent gave it the name 'Mandan' testifies to the importance and prestige of the Mandan Indians. They were indeed highly civilized, made wonderful pottery and blue beads which jewelers say were unique and cannot be reproduced, their secret formula having been lost. They are also entitled to the fame of having first made pemmican; and the Mandan women were undoubtedly considered the most beautiful of the squaws. It is supposed that up to about 1750 they still held all of the territory from the mouth of the Sioux (now Sioux City) on up to Manitoba." Uncle Cardinelle said that the Sioux were unquestionably the Indians who dispossessed the Mandans; that when they came west of the Mississippi they were glad to get away from their furious enemies, the Ojibways, who had often defeated the Sioux in battle, and waylaid their great canoe parties on the Mississippi. When the Sioux got fire-arms though, and became "horse Indians," they were practically invincible, as even the United States Army learned at Fort Fetterman and the Little Big Horn.

My father asked Uncle Cardinelle which of the Army generals he admired the most. Uncle Antoine had a great fondness for General Sherman, but it turned out that this was due to a conversation which he claimed took place between that Commander and the Great Chief Red Cloud of the Ogallallas. At the peace treaty in 1868, Sherman got very chummy with the old Chief, and after considerable jesting in which Sherman of course had the best of it, he asked the Chief if there was any favor he could do him. "Yes," answered Red Cloud, "General Sherman, I wish you would give me this old Civil War cannon, which is lying out on the parade ground." "Why," Sherman said, "Chief, what in the world do you want with that old cannon? Do

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you want it just as a souvenir or for business purposes?" When the Chief did not answer, but merely remained impassive, Sherman said to General Crook, "By George, old Cloud wants that cannon to kill soldiers with. Now, Chief, isn't that the truth?"

"No," said Red Cloud solemnly, "kill soldiers with club. Want cannon to kill buffalo-hunters." Uncle Cardinelle then went on to mention some of the great stars of the Army like Sheridan and Custer. He thought the frontiersmen and scouts like Charlie Reynolds, California Joe, Pike L'Siou and Wild Bill Hickok, were the finest physical specimens of man who would ever live. He said they had more courage, endurance and resourcefulness than any of the great heroes who were so famous, and pointed out the tremendous nerve required to make a trip, alone in winter weather of 25 degrees below zero, of two hundred or three hundred miles all of the time in danger of death from freezing, starvation or the bullets of the alert, vindictive Sioux scouts. Also, he said, capture meant death by burning at the stake, the mere thought of which would unnerve the man of ordinary courage. And he added, "Plenty of men can be brave when in a crowd or when they have the support of even one other man, but the men I named were alone and in danger for weeks at a time." There was something impressive about the old river pilot's tone of voice, which made all his hearers know that he spoke from personal observation. But he said, "The bravest Army officer I ever saw was General Phil Kearney. He made a great mistake due to his credulous trust in the honeyed words of the savage old Chief Inkpaduta, who persuaded General Kearney to disarm his officers and men and come into a great Sioux Council where he was absolutely at the mercy of the chiefs and braves, who had of course concealed rifles and knives under their blankets. General Kearney realized his great error and that he and all his officers and men were in danger of immediate massacre. A great wood fire was burning and from it lighted embers had been taken to light the peace pipe by the treacherous sub-chiefs of Inkpaduta. Two barrels of army powder stood in the corner of the room where the council was being held. When the peace pipe was passed to General Kearney, he called for a fresh wooden ember, then he stood at his full height before the council, made a sudden step toward the two barrels and called out in a menacing tone to the interpreter, to tell Inkpaduta to order his braves to throw down their weapons on the ground at once, or he would send all to Hell by the powder barrel explosion route. Whether the Indians were overawed or so admired Kearney's courage that they yielded was not known, but the weapons were thrown down, and Kearney extricated himself and his officers and men from danger."

My father asked where the episode took place, and Uncle Cardinelle said it was at the Council Bluffs on the Missouri River about the year 1848. Uncle Antoine explained that the Council Bluffs at that time did not signify the present site of Council Bluffs, Iowa, but referred to bluffs on the Nebraska side of the Missouri River above Omaha. "Well," said Colonel Jolley, "this very spot of land here in Dakota west of the Missouri River has great historical interest. It was once a part of Canada, later of the Province of Louisiana. It has been within the Missouri Territory, Iowa Territory, Dakota Territory, but I believe that in some way it should preserve the great name of Mandan, which the fur traders and the buffalo hunters gave it in the great days before the Civil War."

Books to Give

***By* The Editors**

THIS CHRISTMAS, what with priorities and other concomitants of war, books assume a particularly important position as Christmas gifts. So far we have not heard of any shortage! The Biblical lament continues to be true: "Of making many books there is no end." It may be that some of the very best sellers will occasionally not be available because the public buys them faster than the publisher can get paper to print them on, or printers to do the printing. But by and large this is no problem. And since the bookstores really are plentifully stocked, and the season has produced a number of excellent works, we hope our readers will take the hint. As is our annual custom, we append hereto a list of more than a hundred books which appeal to us as being particularly suitable for giving to people. We have undoubtedly overlooked a few good ones, and needless to say buyers must use discretion in fitting the gift to the recipient, but we flatter ourselves that what follows is a representative list and that it contains no trash.

Novels—American fiction did not have one of its best years in 1942, but here are a few novels worth considering for a Christmas list.

SIGNED WITH THEIR HONOR. James Aldridge. Little.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

$2.50. The outmanned RAF in 1940 provides a stirring novel of the war.

THREE FAMOUS SPY NOVELS. Edited by Bennett Cerf. (Oppenheim — Eric Ambler — Graham Greene.) Random. $1.98. Tops for writing and for thrills. A wonderful buy.

THE JUST AND THE UNJUST. James Gould Cozzens. Harcourt. $2.50. A novelist redeems the promise noted in his past performances by this portrayal of the American scene.

SEVENTEENTH SUMMER. Maureen Daly. Dodd. $2.50. A midwestern college girl manifests power of observation, poetic sensitiveness and great promise in a story of first love.

THE CHILDREN. Nina Fedorova. Little. $2.50. A modern Dickens—who is a Russian exile—at her best.

THE COMMON HEART. Paul Horgan. Harper. $2.50. Reviewed in this issue.

THOROFARE. Christopher Morley. Harcourt. $2.75. For those who would like a compound of essay-like conversations and childhood reminiscences of England and America at the turn of the century.

THE SEVENTH CROSS. Anna Seghers. Little. $2.50. The courage of humanity in political prison and concentration camp.

THE SEED BENEATH THE SNOW. Ignacio Silone. Harper. $2.75. An anti-fascist hero turns from political solutions to a vague Christian mysticism.

DEARLY BELOVED. Harry Sylvester. Duell. $2.50. Southern Maryland is the scene of this impassioned, though artistically unfinished, protest against racial injustice. Not a gift for adolescents.

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE. Franz Werfel. Viking. $3.00. The year's best seller is an understanding, novelized version of the life of Bernadette Soubirous, to whom our Lady appeared at Lourdes.

Politics—The all-absorbing matter. "What the Swede intend and what the French."

WHAT DOES GANDHI WANT? T. A. Raman. Oxford. $1.25. This rather places Gandhi at the foot of the wall. Interest in his pacifism is one thing: what to do about his specific political action is another. The many and interesting quotations prove that he is not living in a beneficent dream.

THE ROAD TO VICHY. Yves Simon. Sheed. $2.25. Of the many books about France, this is one of the clearest. Stern and uncompromising about the complicated social structure which everyone says led to disaster.

THE FUTURE OF INDUSTRIAL MAN. Peter Drucker. Day. $2.50. Whoever controls the industrial plant controls power in our life. A study of ownership and management.

GOVERNMENT BY ASSASSINATION. Hugh Byas. Knopf. $3.00. "Nobody has ever been hanged in Japan for murdering a prime minister." It is hard to understand the character of our enemies. This book may not satisfactorily explain it, but makes interesting reading.

THE PRINCIPLES OF POWER. Gugliemo Ferrero. Putnam. $3.50. The great Italian historian is always stimulating and provocative.

MAN AND SOCIETY IN CALAMITY. Pitirim Sorokin. Dutton. $3.00. A widely discussed analysis of what has happened to man in previous periods of catastrophe.

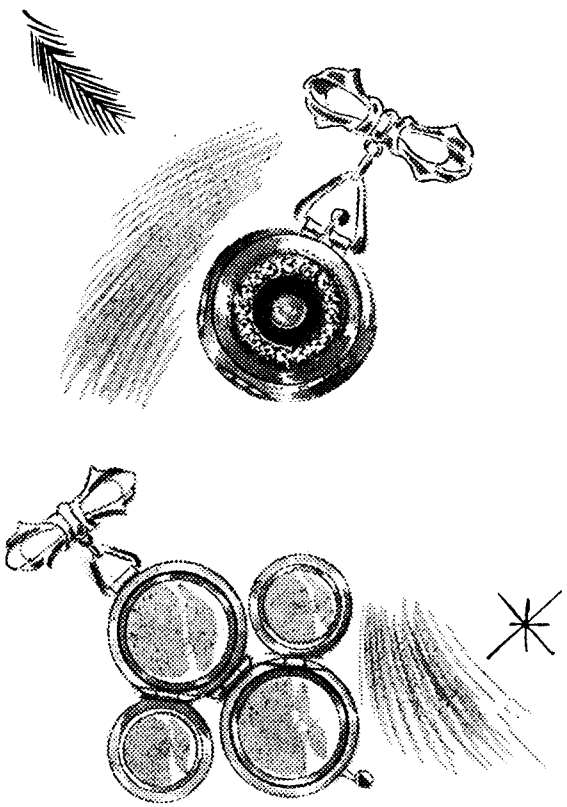
CONDITIONS OF PEACE. Edward Hallet Carr. Macmillan. $2.50. The most realistic book on the problem.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE NATIONS. Christopher Dawson. Sheed. $2.50. In many ways the most important book of the year.

YEAR OF THE WILD BOAR. Helen Mears. Lippincott. $2.75. The Japanese again, with much understanding and subtlety in treatment.

PADDY THE COPE. Patrick Gallagher. Devin. $2.50. The remarkable and picturesque story of the founder of the Irish cooperative movement.

B. ALTMAN & CO.



it's a little treasure of a gift!

our Victorian-style locket

10.00*

with space for 4 pictures! Exquisitely designed in gold plate with simulated onyx, pearls and rhinestones. Looks like a rare old piece!

Altman costume jewelry, main floor

*plus 10% Federal Excise Tax

Fifth Avenue at 34th Street Telephone MU. 9-7000
Also at our East Orange and White Plains Shops

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Biography—The following are arranged more or less chronologically. Most of them are contemporary.

THE GREAT O'NEILL. Sean O'Faolain. Duell. $3.75. This biography has given rise to a certain amount of controversy. Consult N. Y. *Sun* for the McFee-Fitzpatrick correspondence.

ADMIRAL OF THE OCEAN SEA. Samuel Eliot Morison. Little. There is a two-volume edition of this life of Columbus at $10.00 and a one-volume at $3.50.

ELIZABETH, CREATURE OF CIRCUMSTANCE. Hilaire Belloc. Harper. $3.00.

THE REED AND THE ROCK. Theodore Maynard. Longmans. $2.75. Bishop Bruté of Vincennes.

FRANCIS PARKMAN. Mason Wade. Viking. $4.50. A new life of a man who remains one of the greatest of American historians despite some blind spots.

AS LORD ACTON SAYS. F. E. Lally. Remington Ward. $3.00. An interesting study of one of the greatest of English writers and thinkers.

WILLARD GIBBS. Muriel Rukeyser. Doubleday. $3.50. A Yale scientist only now being recognized as one of the greatest of his day.

THE MUSIC GOES ROUND. F. W. Gaisberg. Macmillan. $3.00. Mr. Gaisberg was for many years in charge of making Victor records in Europe. Associations with musicians and actors.

I TOO HAVE LIVED IN ARCADIA. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Dodd. $3.00. A grand old literary lady remembers.

THE WEALD OF YOUTH. Siegfried Sassoon. Viking. $2.75. A sequel, this time dealing with his life as a poet before the last war, to the author's "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man," "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer," etc. (First rate.)

YOUNG MAN OF THE WORLD. T. R. Ybarra. Washburn. $3.00. A sequel to "Young Man of Caracas" by an urbane American journalist.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER. André Maurois. Harper. $3.00. The author's youth and charm are here displayed.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER. Raïssa Maritain. Longman. $2.50. Bergson, Bloy, Péguy, Psichari, Rouault are some of the friends.

RIG FOR CHURCH. William A. Maguire. Macmillan. $2.00. A Catholic naval chaplain from the last war to Pearl Harbor.

GET THEE BEHIND ME. Hartzell Spence. Whittlesey. $2.75. The autobiography of a preacher's son.

ANGEL MO' AND HER SON ROLAND HAYES. MacKinley Helm. Little Brown. $2.75. "Angel Mo'" is the singer's mother.

MEMORIES OF HAPPY DAYS. Julian Green. Harper. $3.00. Mostly France between two wars.

ON BORROWED PEACE. Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein. Doubleday. $3.00. A young German Catholic exile and his experiences in America.

History—Again an attempt has been made to list the books chronologically.

THUCYDIDES. John H. Finley, Jr. Harvard. $3.50. A study of the earliest of true historians.

THE CAMBRIDGE ECONOMIC HISTORY OF EUROPE. Volume I: The Agrarian Life of the Middle Ages. Cambridge-Macmillan. $7.50. The last word on the subject.

A HISTORY OF SOCIAL THOUGHT. Paul Hanley Furfey. Macmillan. $2.75. By a member of the faculty of the Catholic University.

THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND. G. Constant. Sheed & Ward. $4.00.

BOWEN'S COURT. Elizabeth Bowen. Knopf. $3.50. The essence of Ireland since Cromwell's day.

AMERICA: THE STORY OF A FREE PEOPLE. Allan Nevins and H. S. Commager. Little. $3.00.

PAUL REVERE AND THE WORLD HE LIVED IN. Esther Forbes. Houghton. $3.75.

VIRGINIA IS A STATE OF MIND. Virginia Moore. Dutton. $3.00. Detailed, penetrating history and psychological analysis.

STORM OVER THE LAND. Carl Sandburg. Harcourt. $3.50. A mosaic from the author's monumental life of Lincoln.

LEE'S LIEUTENANTS. Douglas S. Freeman. Scribners. $5.00. By a masterly writer on Southern generals.

LIGHT BEFORE DUSK. Helen Iswolsky. Longmans. $2.50. Some account of the Catholic intellectual revival in France between two wars.

ROOSEVELT'S FOREIGN POLICY—1933-1941. Funk. $3.75. Very convenient reference volume containing all the essential documents both for those who like it and those who don't.

THEY WERE EXPENDABLE. W. L. White. Harcourt. $2.00. Perhaps the best book about this war (non-fiction) yet.

THE RAFT. Robert Trumbull. Holt. $2.50. Certainly a close second.

FLIGHT TO ARRAS. Antoine de St. Exupery. Reynal. $2.75. An aviator thinks of many things.

THE REAL ITALIANS. Count Carlo Sforza. Columbia. $2.00. A dignified and extremely readable essay on Italian characteristics by a liberal Italian statesman.

Latin America—This was a big year for books dealing with our neighbors to the South, at least as far as number of publications goes. The most complete general book, and one to be recommended above John Gunther's volume, is "Latin America" by Preston E. James (Lothrop, $6.00). Brazil is the theme of three of the most interesting books in this field. "Frontier by Air" by Alice Rogers Ager (Macmillan, $3.50), with its many revealing photographs and undemanding travel diary, is a pleasant prospect for the casual reader. For those who really want to understand Latin America in general and Brazil in particular "Brazil Under Vargas" by Karl Lowenstein (Macmillan, $2.75) is the ticket. For a book which deals almost entirely with theories and practice in government, it is comparatively easy going. Good but special is "Negroes in Brazil" by Donald Pierson (Chicago, $4.50). "Argentina" by John W. White (Viking, $3.75) is not as friendly and sympathetic as it might be, but it packs a spate of information. "Ambassadors in White" by Charles Morrow Wilson (Holt, $3.50) has proved in a modest way to be one of the year's best sellers. It gives the lives of five great men of medicine who went out to meet the perils of tropical diseases head on. Perhaps the most charming Latin American book of the year is "The Days of Ofelia" by Gertrude Diamant (Houghton, $2.75). It gives a delightful and authentic picture of Mexican life. "The Knight of El Dorado" by Germán Arciniegas (Viking, $3.00) is a sort of historical novel by one of the most prominent writers of Colombia. The best all round volume of the year for giving an insight into Latin American life and traditions is the highly readable "Epic of Latin American Literature" by Arturo Torres-Rioseco (Oxford, $3.00).

Criticism—A subject neglected in times of stress.

ON NATIVE GROUNDS. Alfred Kazin. Reynal. $3.75. A brillant survey of American writing. Reviewed in this issue.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRANK NORRIS. Ernest Marchand. Stanford. $3.00. One of Mr. Kazin's specimens studied in scholarly and informative detail. He learnt from Zola and from Hugo and went to work on the American scene when it was rowdy and strong.

VIRGINIA WOOLF. David Daiches. New Directions. $1.50. This English exquisite and Frank Norris would have disliked each other. An enlightening study of a fine writer who, like Flaubert, took her art most seriously.

OUTLINES OF RUSSIAN CULTURE. Paul Miliukov. Pennsylvania. 3 Volumes. $5.00. Useful corrective to the widespread illusion that Russian culture came to that country on the famous train which brought Lenin.

THE STARLIT DOME. G. Wilson Knight. Oxford. $4.50. A study of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley and Keats in terms of their symbolism. Not for the first reader.

G. B. S. Hesketh Pearson. Harper. $3.50. This is the officially approved and best biography of Shaw, the "Fabian Figaro," to appear.

Religion and Philosophy—For those who wish to give books which are substantial presents there is a wide range of choice. The revised New Testament and a volume of commentary thereon are now available, as well as an ample stock of Rheims and Douay for those who prefer it.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY

THE CATHOLIC PATTERN. Thomas F. Woodlock. S. & S. $2.00. For anyone who wishes an undiluted summary of the truths of Catholicism.

EVERYMAN'S THEOLOGY. Leo Von Rudloff, O. S. B. Bruce. $2.00. All that the title implies, and excellent.

SAINT THOMAS AND THE PROBLEM OF EVIL. Jacques Maritain. Marquette. $1.50.

COMPANION TO THE SUMMA, Volume IV. Walter Farrell, O. P. Sheed. $3.75. The completion of Father Farrell's fine popularization of Saint Thomas.

MARRIAGE. Dietrich von Hildebrand. Longman's. $1.25.

LITURGY

THE PRAISE OF GLORY. E. I. Watkin. Sheed. $3.50. An eloquent treatise on the divine praise motif in the Office of the Church.

THE DIALOG MASS. Gerald Ellard, S. J. Longmans. $2.75. Of particular interest to parish priests.

A SHORT BREVIARY. Liturgical Press. Collegeville, Minn. $2.85. Some may quarrel with the translations of the Psalms, but this is a remarkable volume for the price.

MEDITATION, ETC.

DEATH AND LIFE. Martin D'Arcy, S. J. Longmans. $2.00.

THE ROAD TO VICTORY. Francis J. Spellman. Scribners. $1.75. Exhortations on religion and patriotism by the Archbishop of New York.

SAINTS AT PRAYER. Raymond E. F. Larsson. Coward. $2.50.

THE WAYS OF GOD of Saint Thomas Aquinas. Translated by Raïssa Maritain and Margaret Sumner. Assumption College, Windsor, Ontario. 25 cents. For spiritual reading.

BIOGRAPHY

THE PAGEANT OF THE POPES. John Farrow. Sheed. $3.50. A forthright and fearless account of Peter and his successors down to the present day.

THY PEOPLE MY PEOPLE. E. J. Edwards, S.V.D. Bruce. $2.00. A moving story of an heroic missionary.

SECOND SOWING. Margaret Williams. Sheed. $3.50. A biography of special interest to all alumnae and friends of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart.

Anthologies—For some reason this has been a great year for collecting a lot of things between two covers. Nat-

GIMBELS

PERFECT CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR 30 MILLION AMERICANS

The New Testament *in modern English*

This year more than ever people are getting and giving the New Testament. The English of this version is modern but not so modern it loses the charm of the old text. To make its study easier and clearer there's a Commentary to go with it. Give both for Christmas.

New Testament bound in simulated leather..... 1.25

New Testament bound in black leather, gold edges.. 3.50

New Testament bound in black leather, gold hand tooled cross, gold edges..... 5.00

A Commentary on The New Testament 2.00

Book Department—Street Floor

Phone PE 6-5100 or mail this coupon
Gimbels, 33rd & Broadway, N. Y. C.

Please send me _____ New Testaments at _____

Name _____

Address _____

☐ Charge ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ C.O.D.

Don't send stamps or currency.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

urally such collections often will contain material objectionable to some readers, for the anthologist is between the devil and the deep sea. He must strive for a certain amount of completeness, and yet to do so is to invite criticism. Look any one of these over before you give it.

GREAT MODERN CATHOLIC SHORT STORIES. Edited by Sister Mariella. Sheed. $3.00. An unusual selection with a superbly intelligent preface.

IN PRAISE OF NUNS. James M. Hayes. Dutton. $2.00. Father Hayes has put together a collection which will have its admirers.

INNOCENT MERRIMENT: AN ANTHOLOGY OF LIGHT VERSE. Franklin P. Adams. Whittlesey. $3.00.

THE PARIS WE REMEMBER. Translated and edited by Elisabeth Finley Thomas. Appleton Century. $3.00. Writers from all literatures, including even Julian the Apostate, on the subject of a great capital.

PRIZE STORIES OF 1942. Edited by Herschel Brickell. Doubleday. $2.50.

VOICES OF HISTORY: GREAT SPEECHES AND PAPERS OF THE YEAR. Introduction by Charles A. Beard. Franklin Watts. $3.50.

POETRY AND LIFE: A NEW ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH CATHOLIC POETRY. Compiled by F. J. Sheed. Sheed. $2.50. Poetry in English by Catholics from the beginning to the nineteenth century, designed to serve as a sort of poetic course in theology.

A TREASURY OF THE FAMILIAR. Edited by Ralph L. Woods. Macmillan. $5.00. Just exactly what it says.

A TREASURE OF BRITISH HUMOR. Edited by Morris Bishop. Coward. $3.00.

MEN AT WAR: THE BEST WAR STORIES OF ALL TIME. Edited by Ernest Hemingway. Crown. $3.00. Very well done except for a serious blemish in Hemingway's introduction.

Art—Wartime offers little encouragement for the production of books on art. They consume much paper and ink, cost their publishers pretty sums of money. But there have been a few handsome ones this year. "Japanese Prints of the Primitive Period" by Louis V. Ledoux (Weyhe, $20.00) is about as handsome as it could be. "American Primitive Painting" by Jean Lipman (Oxford, $5.00) admirably covers that field. "Georges Rouault" by Lionello Venturi (Weyhe, $12.50) is beautifully illustrated. The Phaidon books are limited this year to two titles, "The Paintings of Raphael" and "The Paintings of Franz Hals" (Oxford, $4.50 each). Finally, Jerome Mellquist's "The Emergence of an American Art" (Scribners, $3.75) won the applause of many critics. A very recent volume is "Sculpture Through the Ages" by Lincoln Rothschild (Whittlesey, $5.00), which covers the whole field with good plates—at the price. "Danse Macabre" by Franz Masereel (Pantheon, $6.00) is a Belgian artist's record of France in defeat.

Poetry—The season has been remarkably poor in new poetry. A bare half dozen volumes is all which seems to deserve mention. Some rather remarkable verse is to be found in "The Jervis Bay and Other Poems" by Michael Thwaites (Putnam, $1.75), a young Anzac officer. Alfred Noyes has a volume, "Poems of the New World" (Lippincott, $2.50), and Notre Dame University has collected between covers the work of Father Charles L. O'Donnell ("Collected Poems," $2.50). On the lighter side Ogden Nash supplies us with "Good Intentions" (Little, $2.00), and one of Frances Frost's more charming poems, "Christmas in the Woods," has been done up with very pleasant illustrations by Aldren A. Watson (Harper, $1.00).

Miscellaneous—The scrap basket, and yet the best of all.

THE GRAMOPHONE SHOP ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RECORDED MUSIC. George Clark Leslie, Editor. S. & S. $3.95. Is what it says it is. Useful for those who want to select their records with great care.

A BOOK OF UNCLES. R. P. Tristram Coffin. Macmillan. $2.00. Maine characters, picturesque and sometimes odd, tenderly evoked by a poet.

THE ART OF SEEING. Aldous Huxley. Harper. $2.50. A discussion with philosophic overtones of an unorthodox technique for improving bad eyesight. Particularly recommended for those interested in looking at pictures.

AN APPRAISAL OF THE PROTOCOLS OF ZION. John S. Curtiss. Columbia. $1.00. An able historian does a fine job on a question which is settled for good and all.

SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE. Marion Hargrove. Holt. $2.00. A monument to the humor possible in army life before the fighting begins.

FAIR IS OUR LAND. Edited by Samuel Chamberlain. Hastings. $5.00. Remarkably fine American pictures and a wonderful book to have, now that we cannot travel.

MY WORLD AND WELCOME TO IT. James Thurber. Harcourt. $2.50. Neat essays in the mildest *New Yorker* formula.

A NEW DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS. H. L. Mencken. Knopf. $7.50. Mr. Mencken has had great fun over a long period of time in order to present the quotations he enjoys. One is from THE COMMONWEAL; many are annoying.

REPRESENTATIVE MEDIEVAL AND TUDOR PLAYS. Translated and Edited by Henry W. Wells and Roger S. Loomis. Sheed. $3.50.

TEXAS: A WORLD IN ITSELF. George Sessions Perry. Whittlesey. $2.75. A very entertaining and impressionistic description of a most original state.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY OF SYNONYMS. Merriam. $4.00. Extremely well printed, good paper and a wonderful mine of information. For some, better than Roget.

WE TOOK TO THE WOODS. Louise Dickinson Rich. Lippincott. $2.75. A personal experience story of a flight from the city. Entertaining, and with much feeling for country life.

ANNALS OF THE NEW YORK STAGE. Odell Shephard. Columbia. The most recent volume of this monumental work has just appeared. The complete life of our former entertainment world.

MY FRIENDS THE APES. Belle J. Benchley. Little. $3.00. The title is not sarcastic. An entertaining study of animal life.

WASHINGTON, D. C.: A GUIDE TO THE NATION'S CAPITAL. Hastings. $3.50. Another in the very remarkable series of WPA Guide Books illustrated and seriously done.

WASHINGTON IS LIKE THAT. W. M. Kiplinger. Harper. $3.50. This, of course, is interpretive, and thus subject to discussion. But every public and private activity in the nation's capital is amply described.

MODEL RAILROAD ENGINEERING. David Marshall. Harper. $3.50. Surprisingly Mr. Marshall looks at toy trains and unfolds the poetry of our great railroad system. For specialists, but for others, too.

WITH LOVE FOR FRANCE. Helen Mackay. Scribners. $2.00. An intensely moving, non-political memory of the author's life in France. Quite exceptional.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Memorable Gifts for Everyone

THE WORLD'S GREAT CATHOLIC LITERATURE

***Edited by* GEORGE N. SHUSTER**

***Introduction by* WILLIAM LYON PHELPS**

This superb anthology of the world's greatest Catholic *prose* literature contains over 200 selections from the writings of outstanding authors—a virtual library in one volume which covers a period of two thousand years. The scope of the book is wide—including short stories, essays, letters, biographies and extracts from famous longer books—and it presents a panorama of Catholic prose from the writings of the early Church Fathers to our own day with G. K. Chesterton and contemporaries. Stimulating and pleasant to read, this book is an invaluable source of information and reference material. Biographical notes and a convenient index of authors are included. $3.00

The Shining Tree

By Lucille Papin Borden

An appealing and inspiring modern Christmas tale is the latest work from this widely popular author. It tells of a little girl refugee who, overlooked by her millionaire grandfather in the huge New York railroad station, is befriended by a newsboy and his friends. $2.00

THE SMALL MISSAL FOR SERVICE MEN

The ideal gift for the man in the service. This SMALL MISSAL contains the Proper of the Mass for all Sundays and Principal Feasts of the Year, Vespers and Compline for Sundays and other devotions. It is printed in clear legible type; has a flexible, water repellent, khaki colored binding; and is handy pocket size. $1.00

Rig for Church

By Capt. William A. Maguire

In this thrilling autobiography, Captain Maguire tells of his 25 adventurous years as a Navy chaplain. "The story of a lifetime replete with adventure and travel, danger faced with courage, devotion to duty and companionship with the men in the service."—*Army and Navy Register* $2.00

The Story of American Catholicism

By Theodore Maynard

The fascinating story of the growth and development of the Catholic Church in the United States and its widespread influence on American life, culture, and education. "A miracle of completeness, conciseness and interest-compelling liveliness."—*The Catholic Transcript* $3.50

A WOMAN WRAPPED IN SILENCE

By Rev. John W. Lynch

Never has the story of Mary been told more completely, or with more dignity, reverence and universal appeal. "A happy and fluent writer of verse, Father Lynch uses his talent for a more touching and human portrait of the Mother of God than is possible in prose."—*America* $2.00

Fast by the Road

By John Moody

The fascinating, human interest story of Mr. Moody's first ten years in his new home—the Catholic Church. "Catholics can learn from Mr. Moody a greater appreciation of the treasures that are theirs . . . and how to be worthy and effective witnesses to the Faith."—*The Commonweal* $2.50

At any bookstore or direct from

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crescent Carnival

Frances Parkinson Keyes'

GREATEST LOVE STORY

N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW: "She has veritably outdone herself in this lavish novel of New Orleans and Louisiana. The story moves with swiftness. It is guaranteed an enormous following."

BOSTON GLOBE: "Her tremendous following will be delighted with this story of an aristocratic New Orleans family that takes three generations to find out it is American and not just Southern. Recommended for a nice long week-end."

PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER: "Readers will exult in her colorful descriptions. All of Louisiana is her field for this story of persistent love of past and present."

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB NEWS: "It is a crowded, many-colored tapestry of love and diplomacy."

832 pages **$3.00**

A National Best-seller

OF BOOKS AND MEN

by Joseph J. Reilly

Here is an illuminating insight into four centuries of literature with men and women famous in each one of them for their personalities, their achievements and their significance for us now.

A brilliant and human volume by a man distinguished for his fresh and independent viewpoint and for his easy and urbane scholarship, currently Professor of English and Librarian at Hunter College, N. Y.

$2.75

JULIAN MESSNER, INC.
8 West 40th Street, New York

OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY. Cornelia Otis Skinner and Elizabeth Kimbrough. Dodd. $2.50. An uneven but at times highly amusing account of two young girls and their first European travel.

LIVES AROUND US. Allan Devoe. Creative Age. $2.00. A charming gift book that will persuade the most obstinate sceptic as to the poetry of leaves and ants and bees.

PLACES. Hilaire Belloc. Sheed. $2.50. Travel essays but Mr. Belloc travels far back into history and far afield in imagination. The result is very moving at times.

CAN OUR CITIES SURVIVE? J. L. Sert. Harvard. $5.00. For anyone interested in social planning. Copiously illustrated with photographs, drawings and charts. Would make an excellent companion volume to Mumford's "Culture of Cities."

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

WHEN the news came from our nation's capital, on Saturday, November 21, of the appointment of Governor Lehman of New York by President Roosevelt as Director of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation, a greater success, it well may prove to be, was won for the cause of the United Nations and for the benefit of all humanity than those military and naval victories and enterprises in the Pacific and in the Mediterranean zones of the war which made last week a veritable turning point for our cause. That in the midst of such gigantic tasks of war as we are now engaged in, our nation, through its leader, the commander-in-chief not only of our armed forces, but also of our mobilized forces of mercy and justice and peace as well, should have established the new department of our government—for essentially it is nothing less than that—to set about the even more gigantic task of the wounded world's rehabilitation, is an omen and a portent of the utmost significance for good. And that the President should have chosen a man so suitable to the task as Governor Lehman is a further augury of good fortune for this supremely salutary enterprise.

Perhaps this chronicler is a bit superstitious—it may be so—but anyhow he must confess that more and more as the vast events of the world war and world revolution unfold their often enigmatic course he turns in his efforts to find enlightenment to his Missal rather than to the radio and press commentators—not that he neglects the latter, of course, but too often what he hears suggests the voices of Babel rather than the words of wisdom which form the treasury of the Missal. Of course, the best way to use the Missal is at Mass, but even when it is not practicable to do so—and how many excuses are accepted by a lazy man!—when one turns to its pages one finds that the Mass of the day nearly always supplies solace and seeds of hope and faith. Thus last Saturday was the Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the Temple. Its Epistle is taken from the Book of Wisdom itself, and the Epistle speaks of how the spirit of wisdom "took root in an honorable people." Is it too ultra-patriotic to hope, at least, that our own nation may deserve to be the one referred to? Surely, it will, if such a great task as that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

entrusted to the Governor of New York becomes the very test of our honor in its successful performance. To enter the war and fight and help to win the war not for conquest, not even for vain-glory in military might, but to aid our stricken neighbors to resist aggressors—truly, also, because if we did not their fate would next be ours; but in most American hearts that fact comes secondarily, if at all; and in the very crux of our mortal struggle to organize for the service of mercy and that charity which is not mere philanthropy but an expression of true love; surely a nation capable of such a thought, if it acts in that spirit as well, must be an honorable people! And such a people would have the right to listen assentingly to the Alleluia of the same Mass, and look forward to its great promise that, "God hath restored peace, reconciling in Himself the lowest with the highest."

Saturday, one recalls, likewise was Sabbath for our neighbors and fellow citizens, and brother-men, the Jews. From one of their forums last Saturday was delivered a very notable discourse on our "Judaeo-Christian Civilization." It may readily be foreseen how other radios will rave, from Berlin and Laval's Vichy and their subsidiary lackey stations, how the thesis of Hitler and his satellites, to wit, that the United States is the tool of Jewry, and the international bankers, and plutocratic capitalism, under direct command of "that man Roosevelt," is justified and proved by the appointment of Herbert Lehman, banker and Jew, as head of the Yankee attempt to bribe as well as conquer the world. But if ever Christians and Jews, of all the churches and congregations, had a God-given opportunity to work in the spirit of wisdom and love in a good neighbor policy summing up and transcending in importance all the political and economical efforts of nations to find peace and then to live—now their hour has struck!

Communications

WHAT ABOUT THESE FREEDOMS?

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Congratulations on your dissection of Mr. Wallace's recent Russian-American remarks (November 27). There is no one who cares at all for democracy who does not want democracy in "economic life." But no one who truly loves democracy would be willing to sacrifice its political safeguards in order to remedy very real economic injustices.

A NEW DEALER.

CHARITY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I want the readers of THE COMMONWEAL to know about the Catholic organization which has just opened its new work room at 602 Madison Avenue, New York. We are most anxious to gather together all the Catholic women we can find. The "American Woman's Unit for War Relief" dates back to 1939. We are a group of Catholic women—registered with the State Department—who are working to relieve the sufferings of war. New life was put into this group by our entrance into the war.

Among the "100 Best"

PAGEANT OF THE POPES, by John Farrow **$3.50**

This book is an excellent example of popularization at its best. Those who for lack of time find the standard histories out of the question, can acquire essential background "painlessly" by reading this running commentary on all the popes from Peter to Pius XII. Once more, as in DAMIEN THE LEPER, Mr. Farrow demonstrates his control over his material by achieving vividness in condensation without sacrifice of grace. "History flames in the mind as one turns the pages of this book." His treatment of the scandals "shows no trace of either yellow journalism or whitewash." "A great amount of accurate, up-to-date knowledge is presented in terse, emphatic language." "Today the collapse of the Papacy no longer supplies our major and minor prophets with material on which to exercise their talent for wishful thinking." Even the most bigoted opponent of the Popes begins to realize at last that "here is a great power, wise, determined, honorable and unselfish." "Though the lights burn low in Europe they burn brightly in the Vatican." "1900 years is a long time." "What about the man in Peter's boat?"

GREAT MODERN CATHOLIC SHORT STORIES **$3.00**

A unique collection of 27 stories of great variety and distinction about Monks, Priests and Nuns. Of it John O'Connor says in the TABLET, "A platter of literary hors' d'ouevres . . . may well become a standard work for students. A definite 'must' for those seeking enjoyment." Includes the $1500 prize story, "A Nun's Diary"; Paul Horgan's "The Surgeon and the Nun," Agnes Repplier's little gem, "Sins," and the minor classics, "Fight for Sister Joe" and "First Confession." The CATHOLIC TRANSCRIPT calls it "an unusual and highly interesting anthology." With an introduction and reading lists by the editor, Sister Mariella Gable, O.S.B.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE NATIONS by Christopher Dawson **$2.50**

"A historical philosopher of first rank, Mr. Dawson is exceedingly easy to read. . . . Like the fingers of a skilled physician ranging over the bruised and broken body of an accident victim, his learned mind ranges over history, showing the great rents and worn places in the fabric of western culture. . . . 'The hope of the world,' he says, 'rests in the last resort on the existence of a spiritual nucleus of believers who are the bearers of the seed of unity.' Here is sound reading for the religious leaders of the people. Would that every minister might give heed to the suggestions contained therein. It is a real 'tract for the times'." From the review by Ivan Gerould Grimshaw in the November 13th issue of THE PROTESTANT VOICE.

PLACES: 52 New Essays, by Hilaire Belloc **$2.50**

By any standard you choose to measure him Hilaire Belloc is prodigious: Historian, Poet, Wit, Military Expert, Traveller, Political Philosopher, Controversalist, Journalist, Biographer: his figure looms enormous even in our time and in the perspective of History may seem even more dominating. But to know him intimately and in his own character and person, nothing can equal his informal essays, than which no finer have ever been written in the English language, nor are likely to be. This volume contains some of his best, as does also THE SILENCE OF THE SEA (published in 1940), which continues its sale far beyond what may be normally anticipated by a volume of essays.

SECOND SOWING, by Margaret Williams **$3.50**

This is the story of Mary Aloysia Hardey, foundress of MANHATTANVILLE. As a child of seven she took part in the great trek westward to Louisiana, and, literally, "grew up with the country": a great woman and leader, fearless, energetic, eminently holy and utterly charming. A large part of her unique success perhaps lay in her ability to co-operate with and secure the co-operation of the most diverse persons and Orders. Cheerfully indifferent to personal hardships, she established and organized convent after convent, school after school, bringing to America's Catholic girls the finest education possible, and sowing the seeds of the great tradition of the Society of the Sacred Heart over half a continent. The illustrations are by Anne Pracny.

THE ROAD TO VICHY, by Ives Simon **$2.25**

A valuable contribution to the exploration of the causes of the French debacle, written with conviction and clarity. A clinical observation of the progress of the disease whose virulence Germany was able to increase by co-operating with the infection. Written by a French Professor of Philosophy (now at Notre Dame, Indiana) who was a member of the small group of progressive Catholics identified with "Esprit" and the Jociste movement, it will clarify the thinking of those who are confused by the surface appearances of the Vichy regime. SELECTED BY THE EDITORS OF COMMONWEAL AS ONE OF THE "100 BEST BOOKS OF 1942."

THE WAY OF LIFE, by Walter Farrell **$3.75**

Father Farrell's great series, A COMPANION TO THE SUMMA, has surprised almost everyone by becoming a Catholic "best seller." But on second thought there is no reason why St. Thomas should not be popular! Is he not the author of two songs (O SALUTARIS, TANTUM ERGO) that have perhaps been sung by more people than any other two songs in the world's history? This volume (IV) completes the series and will probably be the most popular of the four, as it treats of Christ our Lord, our Lady, and the Blessed Eucharist. It is the SUMMA with the poetry of St. Thomas beginning to sound in it. The four volumes ($15) make one of the finest gifts that can be given.

Sheed & Ward · 63-5 Av. N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Here is a man speaking. Here is a rousing, rallying war-cry for American Catholics."
—*The Commonweal*

The Road to Victory

by

Francis J. Spellman

Archbishop of New York, Military Vicar of the Armed Forces of the United States

"One of the finest expressions of our war effort to date. Archbishop Spellman has performed a great service for every freedom loving citizen through the writing of this book."—*Boston Traveler* **$1.75**

The Author's Royalties Donated to Army and Navy Relief

at all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Monsignor Sheen said: "Masterly"!
Father Lord called it: "Great"!
COMMONWEAL said: "Logical yet tender"!
The Sign said: "The skeptic must be convinced and the good Catholic amazed!"

MARY IN HER SCAPULAR PROMISE

by John Mathias Haffert

a best seller—price $2.50

and

A Letter from Lisieux!

Just published!

three chapters of which are written by John Mathias Haffert
and the rest of which was WRITTEN, WORD FOR WORD, BY A LIVING SISTER OF SAINT THERESE, DURING THIS WAR!

Price, $1.75

XMAS SPECIAL:

BOTH BOOKS: $3.25!

Scapular Press

(N. Y. Office)

337 East 31st Street New York City

We knit and sew for the Red Cross, of which we are a unit, and the USO, and we are doing very intensive and special work for our chaplains. They beg us for rosaries for our men; they cannot get enough. We sort and mend rosaries and medals. Altar linens are also part of our work. We urgently beg for help from Catholic women who will read this. Our workroom is gay and charming—602 Madison Avenue (2nd floor) between 57 and 58 Streets—open every day between 10 and 5.

AILEEN TONE.

$25,000 A YEAR

Farmingdale, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Begging your pardon, I'd like to take pretty violent exception to your obscure, but decidedly cool editorial, "Those $25,000 Salaries," in the November 13 issue. I haven't been getting around lately, but I imagine that wherever the high and mighty gather—the floor of the Exchange, the Ritz bar, the men's room at Piping Rock—words like "Socialist!" "Communist!" and occasionally "Bolshevist!" are hissing even more abundantly through the air and splattering all over the much-splattered image of "Fearless Franklin, the People's Pal."

With all charity, however, I think one might as well inquire in a kindergarten for an adult, intelligent grasp of things economic as in the haunts of the well-heeled. THE COMMONWEAL'S editorial, in my amateur opinion, is on a higher plane, but not exactly standing on peaks in Darien.

You say, among other things, that "in the relationship between national maximum and minimum incomes it would seem that the maintenance of decent minimum standards is far the more important." In a limited sense this is true, but in a very basic sense, it is profoundly untrue, and in that untruth lies the whole threat of returning disaster after the war and the post-war boom.

Much better men than I have been explaining for years that the primary cause of depressions is neither chance nor sun spots, but human injustice. It goes in the textbooks, some textbooks, under the slightly punch-pulling name of "under-consumption and over-saving." In simpler language, "low wages, high prices and high profits."

Probably they can't grasp this in kindergarten, but any smart first-grader should be able to see that an economic machine will break down if the people who want the goods being produced haven't got enough money to buy them. The principal source of money is wages, salaries, and dividends—or, roughly, the income from last week's sales. Generally speaking, if in one year no more of this supply is siphoned off in savings than is being spent during that year out of old savings, then the economic machinery will have plenty of gas to run on, and everything will be jake.

If, on the other hand, too much money is siphoned off in savings, then the gas feed gets too thin, cylinders begin to miss fire, and everything becomes progressively lousy, as in 1929-1933 after the over-savings binge of the 20's and before Washington started its necessary, but unnatu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ral, pump-priming. Obviously the major cause of over-saving is the business of giving, or taking, too much of the available income for the people who don't need things—namely, the rich. After all, it is difficult for one family to use more than three yachts or eat more than four meals a day.

In opposition to these platitudes we still have, of course, the "Great Hoax" school of economic liberalism, Adam Smith, Manchester, *laissez-faire,* etc., all dedicated to the proposition that you can have your cake and eat it, you can be selfish and unselfish at exactly the same moment, you can grab all the feathers for your own nest and still be feathering everyone else's nest like mad, just as if you were some fantastic Saint Francis reclining on satin pillows in a golden palace. This utterly silly and childish doctrine, weirdly enough, still dominates the thinking of most Republicans and English Conservatives, but it could never have been taken seriously for five minutes if all the best people hadn't wanted so desperately to believe it, so that they could justify their own unfeeling rapacity as regards the working class. Later Freud dreamed up the phrase "wishful thinking," but long before that Saint Paul called it "itching ears."

Forgive my excursion into elementary economics, but the point of it all is this: it is almost useless to legislate or strike for minimum wages as long as there is no sound regulation of maximum income. The boss simply ups the price, takes the same old rake-off; up goes the cost of living, and down goes the minimum wage.

The $25,000 decision definitely establishes two important principles: one, that people don't need superfluous wealth (very Catholic) and two, that the common good demands a limitation of income for the rich (extremely Catholic). If there are loopholes, they can and should be plugged. And let's hope and pray that after the war no crazy Republican reaction will be allowed to kick these principles out of Washington and enthrone once again that old fraud, the unlaid ghost of Adam Smith.

JOHN C. CORT.

The Stage & Screen

The Skin of Our Teeth

THORNTON WILDER in his new play has preached a sermon in a style joining asides like those of Saint Bernard with jarring juxtapositions like those of T. S. Eliot. Life, he wants to say, is struggle to discover truth, to build material conditions in the image of truth and above all to subdue natural forces and human anger, lust and unreason. Within himself and without, everyman meets such forces—inexhaustible supplies of arrogant energy blindly seeking his moral and material destruction. Working day and night they make moral and physical development a process ever balanced on the "razor edge of danger." Wilder says through this play that the unhuman irrational principles give us *in man* everything from bingo to war: everything sordid, dull, vulgar, carnal and murderous. In nature these principles develop a slow,

A gift that will be long remembered

An enthralling story of the Roman tribune who gave the command for Christ's crucifixion and who gambled, with a group of his compatriots, for Christ's robe and won. It is a book that makes an era of confusion and bloodshed, that was not unlike our own, come again to life.

"A masterful job, Mr. Douglas's inspiring word-picture of the rising tide of Christian faith in the months immediately following the crucifixion is one never to be forgotten. This is a big novel in theme as well as size . . . one of the most thought-provoking and outstanding novels of this or any other time." — *Philadelphia Inquirer*

"Lloyd C. Douglas has achieved the full stature of a great novelist . . . I know of no book, fiction or history, which portrays more vividly the environment in which the great teacher lived and worked and died . . . THE ROBE will be one of the most important books of the year."—*Chicago Daily News*

$2.75

The Robe

By LLOYD C. DOUGLAS

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For a Complete Catholic Library You Need

THE AQUINAS LECTURES

St. Thomas and the Life of Learning - - $1.00
by John F. McCormick, S.J.

St. Thomas and the Gentiles - - - - - $1.50
by Mortimer J. Adler

St. Thomas and the Greeks - - - - - - $1.50
by Anton C. Pegis

The Nature and Functions of Authority - $1.50
by Yves R. Simon

St. Thomas and Analogy - - - - - - - $1.50
by Rev. Gerard B. Phelan

St. Thomas and the Problem of Evil - - $1.50
by Jacques Maritain

MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY PRESS
Milwaukee Wisconsin

The Family that Overtook Christ
by REV. M. RAYMOND, O.C.S.O.
Author of "THE MAN WHO GOT EVEN WITH GOD"

At All Catholic Bookstores
P. J. KENEDY & SONS 12 Barclay St. New York

unending series of frightful catastrophes from ice packs to hurricanes. Thus it has always been and so it will be always. Nevertheless we live, and rightly, with hope and faith because God has announced that our general conditions shall be permanently improved by thought, orderliness and the achievement of moral integrity.

The story is told of George Antrobus, his wife and two children. Antrobus, a kind of Adam, is the inventive, practical, home-building man. In the end he lives by thought and spirit despite momentary falls from grace. He is tried by nature, by lust and by the rebellion of his own son, but he survives because within him is an undying determination to begin anew the construction of the perfect world.

To preach his sermon Wilder has the advantage of the superlative talent of Fredric March and Florence Eldridge as Mr. and Mrs. Antrobus. Tallulah Bankhead supplies the comic touch and carnal intimations—with modest success, I should say. Florence Reed as the Fortune Teller charged with ominous passages regarding the unknowability of the human past is superb.

Had the play been placed in less capable hands it might have been a grotesque failure. It lacks enchantment. The device, freely employed, of bringing the audience into the play need not destroy continuity of audience feeling as Mr. Wilder in "Our Town" proved. But the same technique fails in the present play because it is too overt, too garish, too sensational in the literal sense. The reception of the audience was tepid. *(At the Plymouth.)*

JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

Beware of Witches, Barons and Amnesia

WHETHER you are certain that you believe in witches or not, you will find René Clair's new production a winning, wicked fairy tale. It fits into the same category of fantastic films with "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," "All That Money Can Buy," and "Tom, Dick and Harry." Designed strictly for adults, it will appeal only to grownups who have a touch of Puck in their makeup. Robert Pirosch and Marc Connelly wrote the screenplay from the late Thorne Smith's story which was completed by Norman Matson. In directing this, his second Hollywood film (first was Dietrich in "The Flame of New Orleans"), René Clair had an opportunity to run the gamut of cinema's satiric fantasy. *"I Married a Witch"* starts in the 1670's when people still believed in witches. Because Jonathan Wooley (Fredric March) was responsible for the burning of a beautiful witch and her sorcerer father, the witch cast a curse over the Wooley family that all their descendants would be unhappy in love. And so they were. We see Wooley males (all Fredric Marches) ill-mated in 1770, 1861, 1904 until we come to today's Wallace Wooley (still Fredric March) on the eve of his marriage to the shrewish daughter of the powerful publisher who is supporting Wooley for governor. But a bolt of lightning releases the 1670 witch and her father. After getting the lay of the land as a smoky spirit, Jennifer believes she can do more harm by taking on a beautiful body. So papa advises her to be a bad girl—and Jennifer becomes Veronica Lake (or vice versa). And when Jenni-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fer isn't successful in wrecking the modern Master Wooley, because she happens to drink the love potion she prepared for him, her father takes on human form and becomes Cecil Kellaway. Jennifer and papa certainly can mess things up. Wooley falls in love with the fair haired witch; and she shows him just what a witch can do by winning for him the gubernatorial election unanimously. But the plot is the least important part of this film which is a high comedy with a witty script that is pepped up by Clair and some good performances. March is properly staid, astounded and pleased. Veronica Lake does her best acting as witchy Jennifer with a sly, cynical smirk on her face. Robert Benchley is in top form as Wooley's doctor and best man who finds the whole proceedings beyond the science in his medical books. But if any one of the actors succeeds in taking the picture away from the leads it is Cecil Kellaway. As the father of the witch and as the tipsy spirit who won't leave the bottle alone, Kellaway portrays an imbiber who really can't be the wicked sorcerer who does the mean things he does. I wish "I Married a Witch" had been shorter, for its supercilious wit grows tiresome and at times seems somewhat forced. But for adult escapism, it hits the jackpot—and teaches you to leave witches and their craft alone.

"Once Upon a Honeymoon" is another of these modern comedies about our woeful times. It opens in Vienna in 1938 with Katie (Ginger Rogers) pretending she's somebody she isn't so she can marry an Austrian baron (Walter Slezak). The baron is pretending he's somebody he isn't, too, for he's willing to sell out his country to the nazis. In fact he's sort of a nazi advance agent. Somehow each country manages to fall shortly after the baron gets there. Austria collapses, so Katie and the baron hurry to Czechoslovakia where they are married. As this country falls they hurry to Poland. A third party on this international honeymoon is a famous news commentator (Cary Grant) who knows the baron for what he is and who wants to rescue American Katie because her husband is such a nazi in the grass and because Katie is a "lovely creature with possibilities" though not a very wise woman. Leo McCarey who is responsible for this film's good production is also responsible for its uneven direction. The comedy is hilarious at times, but the tragedy is harrowing (as full well it might be in a film that uses Hitler's calendar after Der Tag as its locales). The mixture is not always happy, and too often McCarey allows Sheridan Gibney's screenplay to stand still and just talk. The film's two hours seem endless when this movie forgets to move. Not that the acting is dull. Ginger Rogers turns in a delightful performance as Katie O'Hara affecting a Philadelphia accent. Cary Grant is quite believable as the radio news analyst who turns on his French and German dialects and Irish charm with equal facility. Walter Slezak, a past master at Austrian barons, makes this one almost likable in spite of his treachery. McCarey has directed the supporting cast well. But in spite of the funniest scenes and in spite of some of the good argument the script presents against Hitler, it is the underlying note of tragedy that makes the light hearted humor seem too irresponsible. For me even the final episode in which Rogers pushes Slezak into the ocean isn't really a joke. Or perhaps I'm being

These also are important—

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT, by Lloyd B. Holsapple $3.00

An understanding of Constantine is essential for a grasp of all the later history of Europe, for it is doubtful if even Alexander the Great, Napoleon or Augustus Caesar exerted a more far-reaching influence. His times are rich in resemblances to our own; his contemporaries used the same methods as are popular with certain totalitarians today in their efforts to "liquidate" the Christians. A new civilization was being born, as is apparently the case today.

RELIGION IN SOVIET RUSSIA, by N. S. Timasheff $2.00

"Highly informative, thoroughly documented and rigorously honest . . . a must for all those interested in Russia," says the NEW REPUBLIC. Paul Hallett reports in his column, LITERARY PAGEANT, "In intelligence, scholarship and courage this is the best book written about Religion in Russia since 1931." While Atheism, as he points out, is still "the official doctrine of the state," it is nevertheless the emotional force of a resurgent Christianity that sustains the magnificent Russian war effort. Dr. Timasheff concludes, however, that "Religious freedom in Russia, so long as Communists continue to rule, is impossible."

OLD PRINCIPLES AND THE NEW ORDER by Vincent McNabb, O.P. $2.75

Father McNabb looks to the gospels for the foundations of Sociology. The Church, he tells us, is not *primarily* concerned with Economics only because Economics *itself* is not primary, but she is *vitally* concerned with Economics because she is concerned with Faith and Morals, and bad Economics are apt to interfere with faith and morals. A close friend of G. K. Chesterton, Father McNabb has been for years one of the most influential proponents of the small farm movement which, especially during the present war, is proving the salvation of England. These eloquent essays by one of the best known and revered priests in England are especially recommended as rich in suggestions for sermon material for non-Catholics as well as Catholics.

NOVA SCOTIA: Land of Co-Operators, by Leo Ward $2.50

Father Ward (GOD IN AN IRISH KITCHEN, VALUES AND REALITY, HOLDING UP THE HILLS) went to Nova Scotia in order to get the point of view of the "little men" who are doing the new things in co-operation in the Maritime Provinces, and in this book he reports what they told him about themselves and about each other as he talked with them in kitchens and fisher huts: watching the weaving of rugs in that first co-operative unit, the family: learning how houses were built co-operatively, how miners and fishermen organized study clubs and learned how to plant gardens. "This co-operation is sort of on God's side" they told him. This is a unique piece of reporting on one of the most important social developments of our time.

CO-OPERATION: Democracy's Second Chance by George Boyle $2.25

This book is an eloquent plea for a decentralist and human order based on co-operation and the rural life, as the only possible escape from the totalitarian implications of modern industrialism. The author grew up near Antigonish, N. S., and there he returned after years of newspaper work in New York and Washington had broken his health. During the years he had been away a great deal had happened: so much in fact and of such surprising implications, that he decided that a radical re-thinking of the whole concept of Democracy was in order. This book is his attempt at that re-thinking. Especially to be recommended are the chapters on "Credit Unions," "Common Work and Culture" and "Adult Education in the Rural Community."

POETRY & LIFE, Ed. by F. J. Sheed $2.50

This is a new anthology of English Catholic Poetry, compiled to show how the world and life have looked to poets from the 8th Century to the 20th. It is marvelous to see how little difference a thousand years make: they are all fellow-Catholics, fellow to one another, fellow to us. Those who are familiar with English poetry only through the "standard" collections are due for a pleasant surprise when they look into this profoundly moving collection.

THIS WAR IS THE PASSION, by Caryll Houselander $2.00

"This little English girl writes like some saint out of older ages," and her book, "a veritable defense of life itself in days of overwhelming disaster and agony," is rapidly being recognized as a modern spiritual classic. "All who are bewildered by the war should read Caryll Houselander." "Her wisdom is immense; she has taken the whole world into her heart, in which there is no hatred and consequently no fear." A book to read and re-read and give to friends.

REPRESENTATIVE MEDIEVAL AND TUDOR PLAYS $3.50

Some of the notes in this learned, practical and amusing book, make startling reading. The wage scale, for instance, was rather different. "To Fawson for hanging Judas, 10d; for playing God, 3s.4d; to three white souls 5s; to two worms of conscience 16d." But they must have enjoyed the rehearsals—"item, for 9 gallons of ale, 17d; item, for a rib of beef and a goose, 6d." The translations are sensitive and bring the colloquial speech in which they were written into relation to the speech of today. The selection includes the Passion Play, the complete Corpus Christi Pageant, Everyman, and two of the salty farces of St. Thomas More's friend, John Heywood. Illustrated. Edited by Henry W. Wells and Roger S. Loomis, of Columbia University.

Sheed & Ward · 63-5 Av. N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

overly sensitive about all this. Maybe the whole should be accepted as a legend; and the hilarious laughter that follows Slezak's drowning (as he's on his way to soften U.S. for Hitler) is symbolic.

Movies about amnesia victims are usually unconvincing as movies go. You may not believe the amnesia situation in *"Street of Chance"* or you may not believe the strange circumstances that arise out of the main premise, but the film is so well directed and acted and the script is so well written with an understanding of cinema that it should make your hair stand on end and keep you guessing to the end. Burgess Meredith plays the lead with the right amount of overdramatization contrasted with underplaying. He is the man who is awakened with three years' forgetfulness of things past. When he learns that the police are pursuing him because he is charged with murder, he leaves his wife (Louise Platt) to pick up the life he led during his amnesia. All this has a strange, shivery quality due to Jack Hively's intense direction. Meredith joins his sweetheart (Claire Trevor) who leads him back to the scene of the crime where he tries to learn from a speechless paralytic (Adeline DeWalt Reynolds) the name of the killer. I won't tell you more of the plot because this little B thriller depends on surprises. Garrett Ford wrote the screenplay from Cornell Woolrich's story, "The Black Curtain." Sol C. Siegel produced, just as if to show that a movie needn't be expensive to be good cinema. "Street of Chance" has its flaws; but it is still a mystery film for the discriminating.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Victor Hugo*

By M. A. COUTURIER

THESE wonderful poets! What a joy it is to look at them—if not always to read them. For, after all, in reading those who have written a very great deal one needs often a patience and a courage which are not always rewarded quite soon enough. The beautiful, the perfect line is there, somewhere, but often one does not come upon it quite soon enough. Yet in their lives, in their reaction to life, in their living there is always the unexpected and the free, and at the same time, an extraordinary stability, a persisting continuity in the unexpected and the free. One wonders at times if the paths the poets follow are not even stranger than those of the painters. For painters make concrete objects out of canvas and a bit of paper and some color in tubes and what in this way they create with their hands—handling lifeless materials—does not inevitably determine the way they are to live nor change their way of living. But the poets! Since they cannot do without words it becomes hardly possible for them to do without thoughts and ideas, without in consequence a certain lyricism in ideas. And if they are at all sensitive to "ideas," their life itself will march behind their song and its cadence, and so it happens that the most exciting thing to observe when we study them is that moment when they "take off" from earth. And when that happens to them, soon their wives, their children, their friends, and the partisans and the politicians, find nothing left behind save some scattered papers in disorder on the desk, a brief message propped up for them to find on the table, a little dirty linen.

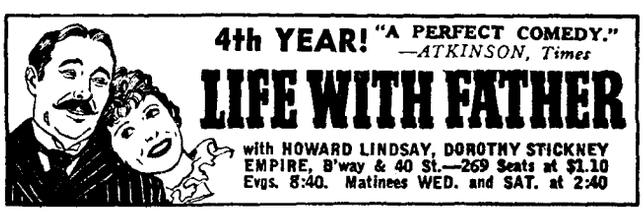
This morning there were the brackish waters and the waste yellow marshland which one crosses approaching New York from the West, and as the train carried me toward New York a great white bird rose in heavy flight and was lost to sight in the heavy mists which the morning sun colored and did not dispel. The great white bird will return but I do not know when it will return. *"Il reviendra à Pâques ou à la Trinité, . . . ou à la Trinité."* It will return when Monsieur de Malbrouck himself comes home and when the ageless uncertainty of the old song is stayed. . . .

"That man who thought himself Victor Hugo" stood infinitely nearer to the ideal he had of himself than ever Jean Cocteau imagined. In the mists which at times indeed were impenetrable, and also in the intense glare of the sunlight with which he was surrounded through his conceit, his adventures and his verse, the great white bird very often flew off and rose high. Those who awaited his return, who knew perfectly well that as a good bourgeois he *would* return, who saw that in fact he did return, were wont to say that he never flew very far. But the treasures he brought back, the precious stones—*"cette émeraude où semble errer toute la mer"*—which suddenly illumine his declamation, come from enchanted lands, describe shores bathed by faithful and desert seas.

Well, we prefer Mallarmé, Baudelaire and Rimbaud, yet, with all his interminable prophetizing, his ponderous solemnity, the pontificating and self-centered old man who thought that he was Victor Hugo comes back to us through the heavy mists, and it is true that he has his pockets full of pearls and diamonds, and rubbish too of all sorts, a goodly supply of coins of the realm, odds and ends of copy paper, love letters which he would have done far better to have burned, political speeches.

Ah, those political speeches, those interminable and unreadable political poems! Yet what a magnificently sustained political line he kept throughout his life. And, as Gide would say today, what "constancy" in his political evolution. It is here that the man's clear foresight, the old man's uncompromising clearsightedness reveal the poet's greatness. When that little man who was Thiers, realist, expert and historian, negotiated and betrayed, that old romantic poet stood there with his magnificent and naïve ideas—as are the ideas of poets—and he discerned the spiritual vocation of France then conquered, and her mission in the world, and he remained faithful, absurdly faithful. All he could do was to protest, all he could do was to break with the men who "knew" and who were "competent" and "practical"; all he could do was to fight

*Victor Hugo. Matthew Josephson. Doubleday. $3.50.


4th YEAR! "A PERFECT COMEDY."
—ATKINSON, Times
LIFE WITH FATHER
with HOWARD LINDSAY, DOROTHY STICKNEY
EMPIRE, B'way & 40 St.—269 Seats at $1.10
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees WED. and SAT. at 2:40

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for Garibaldi! Then slowly, surely, heavily, one year after another, sixty years of French history rolled by to prove that he had been right.

He wrote the words Republic, Light and Liberty with a capital L and a capital R and, because he was a poet, for him these words in all truth were life itself and reality. And when he sacrificed common sense and his family and his friends for the sake of these *words,* in so doing, and in spite of torrents of sonorous rhetoric, it was really for the sake of truth, for the sake of man's life, for the sake of his country's soul—in order to keep that soul honorable and holy—that he sacrificed what he did.

I am not sure that Mr. Matthew Josephson's book brings us anything very new in a purely literary consideration of Victor Hugo, but the pages he writes on Hugo's political action, particularly those dealing with the last years of his life, are excellent. The facts he gives, marshalled with economy and precision, are such as to compel respect for the poet's character. They lead one also to consider the enduring nature and characteristics of certain states of mind, and certain determinations which persist throughout France's history. How greatly 1940 resembles 1871! Now that we can perceive the fearful ravages brought about by a social, political and military mentality which Victor Hugo never ceased opposing, we can see also his grandeur through his grandiloquence and, through his many confusions, his extreme lucidity. In these terrible years utilitarian realism, a weakening of the feeling for honor and of the sense of collective loyalty have brought the same history back again and once more have imperilled the future: all that which has taken place before our eyes restores Hugo to his rightful rank among France's great servants, testifies to the simple and indivisible unity of truth in a world in which the professionals, the civilian and the military, who smile at poets and their dreams, shift with each wind and endlessly are traitors.

Books of the Week

Who Reads an American Book?

On Native Grounds. Alfred Kazin. Reynal. $3.75.

MR. KAZIN'S survey of the American literary scene is by far the widest and most luminous anybody has yet made, extending in point of time from Howells to the WPA guide-books, and excluding, in point of space, only a few of the best known localities mentioned in the latter. The capitals of this realm have been in historical succession: Boston, Chicago and New York, with provincial centers at San Francisco, Indianapolis and Richmond. The dominance of Boston was over at the time Mr. Kazin begins his survey—it is symbolized by the removal of Howells to New York. (It could not, of course, at that time be foreseen that many years later it would be enclosed as a pleasant pasturage for the sentimental fancies of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks.) San Francisco too had seen its best days with Norris and Ambrose Bierce, but was destined to shine anew in the light of John Steinbeck. Of Indianapolis Mr. Kazin prefers to say little, while Richmond is remembered as the home of Ellen Glasgow, whom he properly extols.

It is therefore of Chicago—before the exodus of the

STORM OVER THE LAND

A fast-moving history of the Civil War taken from ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE WAR YEARS. Illustrated with maps, photographs, and drawings. $3.50

by

CARL SANDBURG

VIRGINIA WOOLF

THE DEATH OF THE MOTH is Mrs. Woolf's first book of essays in ten years. These twenty-eight pieces present nearly every facet of her work. "Serene, sensitive, and beautifully selective . . ." —*Atlantic Monthly* $3.00

CONSTANCE ROURKE

THE ROOTS OF AMERICAN CULTURE, edited and with a preface by Van Wyck Brooks, represents the results of thirty years of study of American culture by Miss Rourke. "Abounds in rich insights."—Clifton Fadiman $3.00

W. L. WHITE

THEY WERE EXPENDABLE "Packs an enormous emotional punch. Exciting, pitiful, inspiring, infuriating."—*N. Y. Times* $2.00

JAMES GOULD COZZENS

THE JUST AND THE UNJUST "Stands head and shoulders above any novel I have read this year—an excellent candidate for the Pulitzer Award."—Sterling North $2.50

EVERYONE wants a copy of the new **JAMES THURBER—MY WORLD—AND WELCOME TO IT**

30 pieces, 310 pages and many Thurber drawings. $2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Priest's Chants and Recitatives at the Altar

— Approved by the Monks of Solesmes —

A necessary book for the clergy—and a splendid recommendation for the layman interested in the music of the church.

CONTAINS —

All the priests chants for High Mass, Vespers, Holy Week, Burial Service and other liturgical functions.

OTHER SUBJECTS COVERED—

Pronunciation of Latin, How to Read the Chant, Papal Documents on Music and much other helpful information.

AN EXCELLENT GIFT BOOK
FOR A PRIEST
Price. . . . $1.75

J. fischer & bro.
119 west 40th st.
new york, n.y.

JAPANESE PRINTS
OF THE
PRIMITIVE PERIOD
IN THE COLLECTION OF
LOUIS V. LEDOUX

CATALOGUE BY THE OWNER
WITH
TWENTY PLATES IN FULL COLOR
AND THIRTY IN HALFTONE

"Innumerable catalogues and general books on Japanese prints have been written but none has been such a happy combination of magnificent reproduction and scholarly text as this. . . . To have such rarities of beauty reproduced is an invaluable help to students. . . ."

—Helen C. Gunsaulus, in
The Library Quarterly

E. WEYHE • 794 Lexington Avenue • New York

larger portion of its talents to New York—and of the latter city that he has the most to say. Does he seem at times to raise the insignificant (I am thinking of such talents as Fuller and Herrick among the "rightists" and a more considerable number of those on the "left") to a position of significance? Yet, it is all a matter of scale, and the question will not quite down whether the whole of this literature is a sufficiently articulated phenomenon to admit of the use of anything so accurate as a measuring-stick.

It is now fifty years or more since Sydney Smith asked "Who reads an American book?" to which Mr. Kazin replies: "Who, after 1933, could afford not to read an American book?" This is quite true, and was true before 1933; but it is also true that the books most read away from the place where they were written are books that reflect an original talent (of which there are many in America) yet fail somehow to integrate into a national literature. Mr. Kazin might reply that the pattern is not invisible to a trained eye, nor the scale impossible of adjustment, but some of the ideas he advances would seem to tilt in the opposite direction. There is, first of all, the fickleness of public taste, which in not a few instances has brought about the abandonment of a hopeful literary movement, even by its own proponents, in the middle of a successful career—the proponents then drop it and take up something else, or in some cases are never heard from again. Perhaps of even greater importance is the fatal division among writers between those interested in *writing* and those interested only in the advancement of a cause. Especially in these later days, when worthwhile causes have been so many the writers have been very few who have concerned themselves with the achievement of a style—Edith Wharton, Willa Cather and Ernest Hemingway among the few, and these only at their best. As to the others, if their cause succeeds, they will be remembered in connection with its triumph; if it fails, what will there be to remember them for?

But as human nature is human nature, there will always be all kinds of cross-breeds among fervent moralists and reformers, elegant esthetes, students of the real, and seekers after the unseen, as well as those in literature whose aim is merely to please. Mr. Kazin knows them all and has touched them off for us, excepting the last-named group, with a complete felicity of touch. Although he has excluded the poets from his panorama, he has not confined it to the writers of fiction, but has admitted the scholars and critics and some of the best of his portraits are of them.

"On Native Grounds" is too big a book to lend itself to recapitulation in pocket size by the *Reader's Digest,* yet there will be many to ask what are the author's conclusions regarding the future of American literature? The answer to that is that he nowhere assumes the robes of the prophet. On the question of its present status he does indeed afford us a hint. Quoting both at the beginning and at the end of his book the words of Howells about his younger contemporaries, "They will have seen the new truth in larger and larger degree; and when it shall have become the old truth, they will perhaps have seen it all," he comments: "We have seen it become the 'old truth.' We have not even begun to see it all—and what it may become." At least we have seen our literature emerge from its derivative stage and assume a tone of its own. Mr. Kazin could hardly have brought to its portrayal so much moral earnestness as well as esthetic insight without a degree of faith in its future florescence.

J. K. PAULDING.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BIOGRAPHY

Young Man of the World. T. R. Ybarra. Washburn. $3.00.

MR. YBARRA has done it again. His new book makes delightful reading. It carries on his experiences from where his "Young Man of Caracas" left off, and so deals with his years at Harvard, his cub-reporting and versifying days on the New York *Times* and his many years as correspondent for the New York *Times* or *Collier's* in Europe and Latin America. Woven through it is Ybarra bohemianism, a mild form that emphasizes good food and good wine and a complete disregard for economic security. Mr. Ybarra liked to travel, and this his journalistic assignments made possible, as well as the sampling of life in many countries. His life has been full of interest; and it is a pity that fat and age have caught up with him.

Mr. Ybarra's book has one great advantage over most of the others flowing from the typewriters (he calls his a tripewriter) of American foreign correspondents: he does not take himself too seriously. He likes to tell a good story, and he is not greatly concerned with whether the subject matter is important or not. He deals with many things that are trivial in themselves, but they take on glamor and color when he touches them. He is never unkindly. He has enjoyed good living himself; and if he had the ordering of things, there would be good living for the rest of the world too.

This does not mean that Mr. Ybarra did not take his work seriously. He did. In fact he was one of the most successful correspondents in Europe between the two world wars. He dealt with Hitler, Mussolini, Briand, Franco, Benes and the rest of them, and he tells about it in this book. His discussion of what to do with Germany after we have won this war is by far the most sensible and practicable that this reviewer has seen anywhere. He would not only undo Hitler's work; he would undo Bismarck's also. His advice on our treatment of Latin America both now and after the war is also sound and excellent. He is especially competent to interpret South America to North America, and *vice versa.*

Mr. Ybarra's book not only makes delightful reading, it is also worth reading. NEIL MAC NEIL.

FICTION

Norma Ashe. Susan Glaspell. Lippincott. $2.50.

MRS. UTTERBACH'S boarding-house in Iroquois City, Ills., had reached the nadir of financial and spiritual desuetude. Mrs. Utterbach's nerves were as raw as her temper which inflicted itself on her daughter, her creditors and her boarders. It was all as sordid as the fading wallpaper and shabby furniture. Then one day, as Mrs. Utterbach was wrangling with the coal dealer, a visitor appeared in smart attire and expensive furs who came, not to extend a hand of sympathy to Mrs. Utterbach, but to ask some help of her. It was her stylish visitor's obvious distress in finding no trace of her school girl friend, Norma Ashe, in the frowsy widow, which led Mrs. Utterbach to review her own life and to discover that the rundown house was no more out of repair than her own spirit.

Miss Glaspell's story is a study of values. Once Mrs. Utterbach was a girl just leaving junior college. Norma had been promised a scholarship at the University of Chicago through the efforts of her professor of philosophy; "Our Teacher" they called him. Five boys and girls, who

"Nigra sed formosa . . ."

ROYAL ROAD, by Art Kuhl $2.00

"THERE ARE NOT WANTING AUTHORITIES who believe that the colored question is one that cannot be shelved much longer. If we do not reach a solution of it in the near future, they say, it may quickly reach a stage of dangerous crisis. For Catholics who have never given much thought to the matter, and who are, perhaps, in a position to accomplish a good deal towards better relations between whites and colored, we recommend a novel, ROYAL ROAD, by Art Kuhl, a short but moving narrative, the tragic story of Jesse Stewart," "a young Kentucky Negro, a well instructed Catholic who leaves the friendly atmosphere of his home town to seek work in a Northern city.

"IN HIM WE MAY SEE THE WHOLE Negro race in America, (and even more clearly in the Mystical Body of Christ)." "His life is patterned on the life of Our Divine Lord," "a tale of pathos, powerful, moving, tremendous in its implications." "Simple, direct, restrained, haunting, almost perfect within its limits. . . ." "We hope that Mr. Kuhl gives us more of this kind of fiction."

"WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE EVERY CATHOLIC —and non-Catholic—read this book and then ask himself the question: 'Am I my brother's keeper'." These comments are culled from the unprecedented avalanche of praise that this FIRST NOVEL has provoked in the Catholic press. You can read it in three hours. You won't get over it for a long time!

DARK SYMPHONY, Elizabeth Laura Adams $2.50

"A SIMPLE, CHARMING NARRATIVE, vivid with faithful pictures of childhood, and heart-tugging with pathos," DARK SYMPHONY is the auto-biography of a young Negro convert, and a best seller from our Spring list that continues to sell in increasing numbers. The critics say of it, among other things: "As near perfect as we can ask an autobiography to be." "It gets into the core of your soul." "It is electric: a dynamo that shocks a man into the realization that before God he is just a snob." "Eloquent, fervid writing." "A fine originality of style."

"A WORK OF SUCH ARTISTIC INTEGRITY as only the daughter of an artist mother, who is herself a poetess, a musician, and something of a saint of our own day, could accomplish . . . she remains throughout her book a simple, likable girl, whom anyone would like to meet. . . .

"PERHAPS MY ENTHUSIASM is carrying me away, but at the moment I can only find two experiences in my life comparable to the reading of this book: my first reading of the Imitation of Christ, and the time I dropped out of the world for eight days to make my first real Closed Retreat. On each of these occasions I felt as a man blind from birth might well feel before the sudden gift of sight. Old familiar things were glorified by the benediction of light into things marvellously new and wondrously strange. . . . Buy this book. Don't merely borrow it. Pass it around as much as you can. But don't, too soon after reading it yourself, give it to the people who need it most. You might be tempted to try to ram it down their throats!"

LAD OF LIMA, by Mary Fabyan Windeatt $1.75

EVENTS THAT HAVE NOTHING TO DO with Blessed Martin de Porres are giving him a new importance. It is clear that the old relation of White and Colored peoples cannot continue: no one knows what changes there may be, but at least there will be changes. Catholics above all should help to shape these changes, and of all Catholics, the children should have their mind and emotions clarified and made straight. Martin de Porres was a Negro, he is Beatified, and no white child will read this story of his life without feeling that in comparison with Martin's moral and spiritual superiority his own lighter complexion is a mere irrelevance.

LAD OF LIMA. the life of Martin de Porres, by Mary Fabyan Windeatt. Illustrated by Sister Jean. $1.75

Sheed & Ward · 63-5 Av. N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charles Carroll of Carrollton

By Ellen Hart Smith

A vivid picture of the richest of the Founding Fathers and the most conspicuous Catholic layman of Revolutionary Days. Recaptures the charm of a great generation and its faith in freedom. Illustrated. $3.75

Thucydides

By John H. Finley, Jr.

This lucid account of the great Greek historian and his work abounds in analogies between his critical era and our own. $3.50

Can Our Cities Survive?

By J. L. Sert

How the cities of the world must be rebuilt to provide for essential human needs—home, work, play, and movement. A forecast of the future in modern form. 300 illustrations. $5.00

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

CAMBRIDGE MASSACHUSETTS

Books to Give

Catholics especially will find inspiration, solace and entertainment of high quality in these new books by Catholic authors. At all bookstores.

LIVING UPSTAIRS

READING FOR PROFIT & PLEASURE

By Francis Meehan

For those who seek to set their minds at peace in a world at war. "Just the kind of thing which is needed at this particular period."—Dorothy Canfield Fisher $2

IN PRAISE OF NUNS

An Anthology of Verse

Edited by JAMES M. HAYES

The first and only volume of its kind, featuring the inspired writings of the world's great poets who sing the heroic deeds of nuns. $2

FAITH THE ROOT

By Barbara Frances Fleury

Of this new novel of a lovable Michigan countryside priest, the N. Y. Herald Tribune says: "A story of a faith strong and enduring—a sort of Mr. Chips with a difference." $2.50

THE EDGE OF THE ABYSS

By Alfred Noyes

"This book is one which all who are interested in life and literature should make an effort not to miss."—Catholic Book Club $2

E. P. DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK

had become his special disciples, felt themselves pledged to live out the ideals he had taught them.

> "I want you to be the most you can be," he had told them the night before he died. "Never hold to the thought that you are unimportant. Insofar as life is changed one unseen iota, it is changed. So never dare think it doesn't matter what *you* are. Life can rise higher than man has the power to dream. Be the dream. And fight! The real frontier is opening. In the United States of America, in South Dakota, in this room."

Norma's earnest faith so impressed a young man she met on the train that he followed her home and she gave up her teaching career and married him. They loved each other and she never really regretted her marriage, although there was no space for her ideals in the safe deposit box of Max's business ambition. When he was killed in an accident, she paid his debts and decided to take boarders in the big, ugly house which had come to him in a foreclosure. Her last ideals were dispersed by the boarders.

It is not until Norma Utterbach has lost everything—even the boarding-house—that she makes a new start of hauling up her flag again to meet the challenge of life. In a dramatic scene in the University of Chicago, the shabby elderly woman suddenly finds courage to interrupt a popular lecturer, one of her former college mates, when he begins to make fun of their old ideals and their teacher but again she faces defeat when an unexpected disclosure throws suspicion on her teacher's personal integrity. We appreciate the importance of Miss Glaspell's desire to prove that truth is something outside the human equation but, as the incident is contrived, the second cut-back to college days seems unduly clumsy. The continuity is broken by the interruption, and the conclusion loses the sharp edging of reality of the opening chapters. One inherent weakness of the story's construction is that we know the teacher only by hearsay and in the other characters' memories of him.

"Norma Ashe," however, is an unusually interesting and discerning novel. Miss Glaspell really bridges the gap which at first seems unnaturally wide between the two Normas and is at once compassionate and inexorable in her history of the marriage in which Norma's love seems the leak which empties her spiritual reservoir. It is a disturbing picture of the insidious quality of compromise. Since none of the teacher's other five disciples held to their pledge any better than Norma, it would seem that idealism had a slim chance in the world without divine guidance or sacramental strengthening. That may or may not have been in the mind of the author. E. V. R. WYATT.

The Common Heart. Paul Horgan. Harper. $2.50.

EVERYTHING is there; the mesa, the cold sandstorm blowing down from the bleak mountains, the Rio Grande and its tributaries, the cottonwoods and our soldiers, the Indians and the Spaniards from the historic past. There is no question that the scene of Mr. Horgan's new novel is the New Mexico which he has come to know so well. Here is one of his pictures: "The ever-renewing process of plastering with mud after hard rains gave those houses a sort of organic life, in which they put forth new parts when old ones wore away. Nothing delighted Peter more than to see, in the early summer after a violent rainy spring, a little colony of weeds and grass growing out of the tops of adobe walls or earthen roofs."

Yet genuine and useful as this setting is for the purposes of the narrative, "The Common Heart" might have transpired in any country town in America. The portrait

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of tempestuous first love between the girl at the local business college and the boy in the downtown drugstore has a distinctly national, if not universal, quality. As the author rather neatly phrases it, "She loved herself through him, and he loved the world through her." Bun Summerfield and Martha Shoemaker could have found each other, shared their aspirations, quarreled and realized and expressed their devotion to each other in much the same way almost anywhere. The youngsters Donald Rush and Wayne Shoemaker, Doctor Peter Rush and his wife, Noonie, Willa Shoemaker, the valiant widow and mother who kept things going by waiting table at the local Harvey restaurant are also American rather than strictly New Mexico in type. None of them are victims of environment.

Not that Paul Horgan goes in for types. He is rather of the school that is deeply interested in each character as a person. This is one reason why his latest book makes such absorbing reading. There is something highly individual yet plausible, for instance, about Wayne's and Donald's friendship, their destructiveness with a .22 and their differing ways of atonement. And Dr. Rush's own story has a pathos all its own. Mr. Horgan does not blind himself to the evil in the world, but in his latest book goes in primarily for sturdy people. His picture is a quiet one; there is no struggle of social forces, not much of a plot. His story is as simple as it is moving. Few Americans writing today have a greater gift for narrative. On active duty as an army captain he must now realize with satisfaction that before he left he was able to complete his best novel yet. Since the publication of his "Fault of Angels" (1933) Paul Horgan has come far.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

WAR

The Edge of the Abyss. Alfred Noyes. Dutton. $2.00.

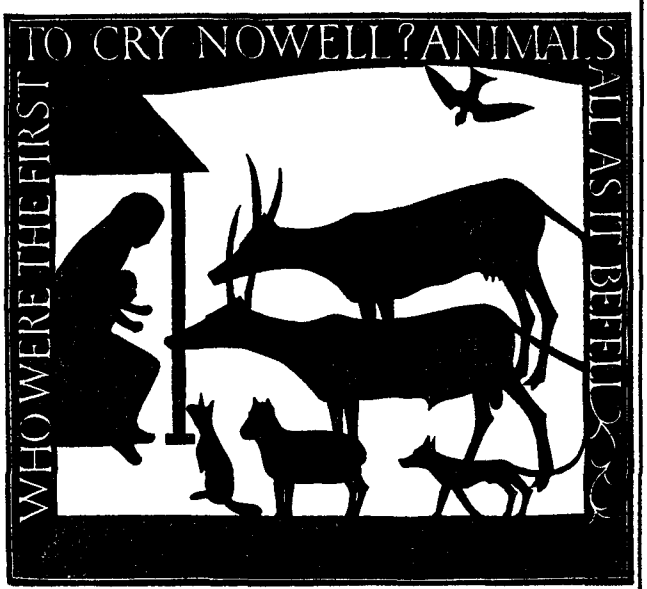
"THERE has been no such peril since the race emerged from the jungle; for, though in many former ages . . . there were rulers who behaved like devils, the evil was recognized as evil . . . and the faith and creed of Christendom . . . were recognized as holding the supreme place in the soul." Thus Mr. Noyes cries out against the present wickedness in high places—against the moral and intellectual deterioration which seems absolute among the rulers of totalitarian countries, and distressingly evident among those who control not only the politics but the literary and artistic fashions in democratic states. Everywhere he finds masses of essentially sound citizens either crushed or grievously misled by groups for which "it is just as impossible to have a common conscience as . . . to have a child in common." In democratic countries the enemies of sound thought and action are often content "to pick the mortar out of the walls and let them crumble"; but in this way the people are "softened up" for more direct assaults. The "pseudo-intellectuals" who so successfully claim superiority for the erotic, the esoteric, the Freudian in literature and art (H. G. Wells and Edmund Wilson and even T. S. Eliot are chastised for their glorification of "advanced" writers, including some more noxious than Joyce and Proust) are praising what represents not only "degeneration" but intellectual collapse. Against these threats to Christian civilization men and women of good will must use that "overwhelming body of truth in the intellectual armories of Christendom . . . to ensure a change of heart and mind throughout the world."

In Mr. Noyes's thesis there is much with which all

DEVIN-ADAIR suggests

From the pen of a great artist

ERIC GILL: Autobiography



With 36 Gill illustrations (incl. the above)
$3.50 *and*

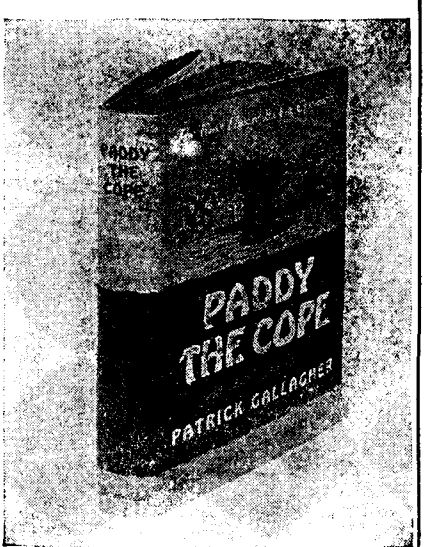
PADDY the COPE

by Patrick Gallagher
Founder of the world famous Templecrone Cooperative Society

"... very few modern books can stand re-reading, this is one of the few."

—Rev. John Monaghan in The COMMONWEAL.

$2.50



SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT OFFER to readers of the COMMONWEAL

Both books for $5.00

Send this ad with remittance to

The DEVIN-ADAIR CO.

23 East 26th Street New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROCKET TO THE MORGUE

by H. H. Holmes

Sister Ursula and Lieutenant Marshall (Homicide) had collaborated once before on a locked-room puzzle. The lieutenant always insisted that it was really Sister Ursula who solved the case of the *Nine Times Nine** and now, faced with a group of suspects who wrote science fiction—and were therefore almost out of this world—he drew a deep breath of relief when the nun consented to come to his aid. Brilliantly conceived and wittily written.

* "Excellent mystery novel in which Catholic doctrine is plausibly worked into the solution."—*Catholic Library World*

A BLOODHOUND MYSTERY
$2.00

Duell, Sloan and Pearce

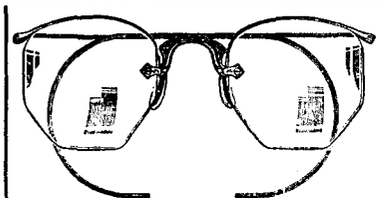
CATHOLICA

Books from Peter I to Pius XII

Including Theology, Patrology, History, Biography, Textbooks, Prayerbooks, Bibles.

USED • OUT-OF-PRINT • IMPORTS • NEW
CATALOGS PERIODICALLY

BARNES & NOBLE, INC.
18TH STREET & 5TH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.



EYE EXAMINATION

• Three registered optometrists having years of experience are at your service, to give you examinations and advice.

• GLASSES at reasonable prices.

JOHN J. HOGAN, INC.
SIX EAST 34th STREET, NEW YORK
Opposite B. Altman's 34th St. Entrance
Telephone: CAledonia 5-6774

ESTABLISHED 1892
Louis Merckling & Staff
Optometrists

Give THE COMMONWEAL to men in the armed forces for Christmas. Now is the time to order. An attractive gift card will be mailed promptly to those you name. Special Christmas gift rates (for civilians, too): one gift subscription $5, two $8, three $10, four or more $3 each. Send in your order today.

Christians must agree; but some will feel that popular infatuations and aberrations are not to be accounted for so simply in terms of leadership. It will be noticed, too, that Mr. Noyes's ideas regarding war have apparently not changed much since those far off days when we all read his "Winepress." He feels that the last peace was lost primarily because William II, the arch-criminal of 1914, and his partners in guilt were not made to bear all the punishment; and because, in the last two decades, manufacturers of munitions and vendors of airplanes and scrap iron to war-loving peoples were not checked in their evil-doing by their governments. He is less convincing in some of his demonstrations than in his exposition; and there are times when bitterness and a taste for rhetoric get the better of his judgment: but his finely written book has considerable depth and breadth and power—power deriving from the passionate conviction of a worthy champion of the highest standard of values that man can have. H. C. F. BELL.

Our Age of Unreason. Franz Alexander. Lippincott. $3.00.

IN "Our Age of Unreason," Franz Alexander has done an interesting job. In the first place he has a number of things to say, and in the second place he says them, for the most part, clearly and (for an analyst!) with definite word economy. Our Frankenstein pursuit of science and its present chaotic result is well depicted; most of us will agree with the author that "in one generation man has begun to lose his faith that he can improve his lot through technical advance alone." Alexander's comparison of present day confusion to a neurosis is well done, for example: "Like individual neurosis, social distintegration is also the result of refusing to accept a new situation, to make the necessary adaptive changes which the altered conditions require: social distintegration as neurosis is the manifestation of the inertia principle, the result of a stubborn adherence to traditional attitudes and institutions which have outlived their usefulness."

Through an application of basic Freudian principles, the author believes he can explain "our age of unreason"; it is war which is "the common phenomenon and real peace the rare exception." War is traced to "man's innate destructiveness," which in turn is closely interwoven with the complicated patterns of hostility and aggression, tension and inertia. The cure of war is not unlike the cure of the individual neurosis. Men must be educated beyond the child level of clinging to such out-dated things as isolationism, war itself, unreasonable economic freedom, outmoded competition and passé values. A continuation of belief in these things constitutes group irrational behavior, since these things are no longer a part of present day reality.

No book of Alexander's would be complete without at least one good crack at scholastic philosophy. The watchful reader will not be disappointed for the cracks are there (two of them replete with the rubber stamp). Thus we are told, "The sensational but uninformed attacks of young philosophers against modern materialism and science, and their appeals for a return to medieval obscurantism and the substitution for critical scientific thought of the scholastic dogmatism of Thomas Aquinas has caused more amusement than resentment. . . . Their vain and provincial attempt [i.e., the same child philosopher] to return to medieval obscurantism is a mixture of confusion and provocative sensationalism and requires no further attention." This is perhaps just as well. These old rubber stamps of the "abysmal ignorance-intellectual-obscurity-superstitious-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dark ages" type are almost as worn out and accurate as the concept which views the modern psychoanalyst as a conglomeration of Svengali-Mephistopheles-lecherous-dirt-collector-whom-the-police-ought-to-prohibit.

However, overlooking these customary pleasantries, one can digest the balance of the book with considerable enjoyment, not to say profit. The author's horizons are necessarily limited by his own materialistic concepts and the book has, as a result, a restricted usefulness. For those who still retain complete faith in man and in his unaided ability to solve the problems of the universe, there will be much comfort in such statements. "There is little doubt that a council of economists and political scientists could work out a peaceful social organization and a rational world order which could satisfy the vital needs of all." It must be nice to retain that optimistic regard for the efforts of our fellow beings, notwithstanding the grim fact that they are economists and political scientists! How simple to take our "vital needs" before the council secure in the knowledge that they will be satisfied. If such an organization ever really gets going, I for one would like its address; it sounds easier than the patella approach and it's sure to be nicely streamlined and quite adult.

ANNETTE C. WASHBURNE.

What Does Gandhi Want? T. A. Raman. Oxford. $1.25.

MR. RAMAN is a young Indian lawyer and journalist who served on Gandhi's staff at the Round Table Conference of 1931, and has been in close connection with him since. He now completely disassociates himself from the Mahatma with regard to India and the war, for like all sensible men, he is convinced that Gandhi's policy is one that points to disaster for India, and that the only chance of Indian freedom lies in an Allied victory. Therefore he dedicates his book to Gandhi "with sorrow and affection" and quotes on the title-page two opposite lines from the "Bhagavad Gita": "But if thou wilt not carry on this righteous warfare, then thou wilt, casting away thine own duty and thine honor, incur sin."

There is little polemic here, for little is necessary. What Mr. Raman does is to quote from Gandhi's own interviews and Gandhi's own paper, *Harijan*. Nine-tenths of what is here is Gandhi himself, and by it Gandhi is damned. The mere quotation is enough. On May 5, 1940, he said, "I have declared already that I shall do nothing to embarrass Great Britain. She will be embarrassed if there is anarchy in India. *That, the Congress, so long as it remains under my discipline, will not support.*" On July 19, 1942, he wrote in "Harijan": "We do not want these troops for our defense or our protection. If they left these shores we expect to manage somehow. We may put up non-violent defense. *If luck favors us, the Japanese may see no reason to hold the country after the Allies have withdrawn, if they discover they are not wanted.* It is all speculation as to what can happen after withdrawal, voluntary or forced. . . . *Who knows that Free India may not even persuade Japan to do the right by China?*" These words may make it appear that Gandhi is either an imbecile or a fifth columnist. As Mr. Raman shows easily enough, he is a man of high honor, but one whose fixed idea will prove fatal if India and the world listen to him. The whole trouble is that because Gandhi discovered his technique of non-violence to be workable against the British in times of peace, he is convinced that it will work in time of war equally well against the Japanese. Therefore he said on May 1 last, "If India were freed, her first step

Bishop Crimont and his—

DOGSLED APOSTLES, by A. H. Savage **$2.75**

They built a spiritual highway to the heart of Alaska. There, among the reindeer and the bears, living on salmon and blueberries (and the vegetables that grow during the short arctic summer)—with their faithful sled dogs for companions (and the help of an occasional airplane!)—at peace with the natives and with the friendly co-operation of the government agents (who sometimes find that Charity in the heart will succeed where laws fail!)—they are building a beautiful new world for Christ among the polar snows. Alma Savage (who made two extended trips to Alaska, and talked with the people and visited the places of which she writes) paints a vivid picture of this last great American frontier. Many photographs.

FOR STUDENTS AND THE SERIOUS MINDED

The eight books of the CATHOLIC MASTERPIECES TUTORIAL SERIES have been carefully chosen to form a sound body of not too difficult reading that will progressively fill in that "essential background" the lack of which so often hinders intelligent Catholic thinking on current problems. Although the titles were originally selected because of their suitability for group study, experience has shown that they serve equally well for private reading. For those whose serious reading has been limited, the "Tutorial Introductions" furnish just the right amount of help on the first reading. The series consists of eight books in cloth binding and sell for $6.50 the set.

MARY OF THE MAGNIFICAT, by Mother Elizabeth Hart **$1.00**

The Church has enshrined the Magnificat in her official prayer. It holds the place of honor at Vespers, and when the Divine Office is chanted in choir, the music grows more elaborate for the Magnificat, and the incense rising before the altar calls attention to the solemnity due Our Lady's Canticle. In this small book the author shows us the youthful Mary, the Mary of the first four Joyful Mysteries.

GAY LEGENDS OF THE SAINTS, by Frances Fox **$1.50**

Here we meet the Marvelous Cow of Brittany, the Cow of St. Launomar that played Follow the Leader, the Goose to which St. Rigobert was polite, St. Roch's dog that was wiser than other dogs, the Otters that saved the life of St. Cuthbert, and a good score and a half of other marvels. The writing is invariably simple and unaffected and light hearted. Jill Elgin's illustrations are as witty as the writing.

THE CHURCH'S PLAY, by Grace Hurrell **$1.50**

This brilliant and carefully thought out book presents a new method for teaching the children to realize what the Mass is. It is wonderfully ingenious and very gripping. Illustrated by Anne Pracny.

Also for your gift list:

Constant, THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND Under Edward VI **$4.00**
Watkin, THE PRAISE OF GLORY **$3.50**
THE TWO TITLES ABOVE WERE SELECTED BY THE EDITORS OF COMMONWEAL AS AMONG THE "100 BEST BOOKS OF 1942"

Foerster, EUROPE & THE GERMAN QUESTION **$3.50**
Shepherd, MURDER IN A NUNNERY **$2.00**
de la Taille, THE MYSTERY OF FAITH **$3.75**
von le Fort, HYMNS TO THE CHURCH **$1.50**
Kelly, THE SEVEN GIFTS OF THE HOLY GHOST **$1.75**
Hoffman, THE GREAT REPUBLIC **$2.25**
Chesterton, ST. THOMAS AQUINAS **$2.50**
Day, HOUSE OF HOSPITALITY **$2.75**
Farrow, DAMIEN THE LEPER **$2.75**
Feeney, FISH ON FRIDAY **$1.75**
Sheed, A MAP OF LIFE **$1.00**
Hildebrand, IN DEFENSE OF PURITY **$2.25**
Doherty, GALL AND HONEY **$2.75**
Leen, PROGRESS THROUGH MENTAL PRAYER **$2.75**
Sheen, THE MYSTICAL BODY OF CHRIST **$3.00**
Savage, SMOOZIE, REINDEER OF ALASKA **$1.50**
Fox, LEGENDS OF THE CHRIST CHILD **$1.50**
Windham, SIX O'CLOCK SAINTS **$1.50**

Sheed & Ward · 63-5 Av. N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Family Protection

is the great need of fathers

- **Your insurance needs are greatest while your family is young**
- **A Life Expectancy Policy is specially designed to give you greatest protection while your need is greatest**
- **WRITE FOR INFORMATION ON THIS SPECIAL POLICY**

CATHOLIC
Since 1868
FAMILY PROTECTIVE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
633 North Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Whole Family Life Insurance for Catholics

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FROM IRELAND
BELLEEK CHINA—IRISH POPLIN TIES
HANDKERCHIEFS—TABLE LINENS
ALL WOOL STEAMER RUGS
BOOKS ON IRELAND AND ALL BOOKS BY IRISH AUTHORS
CHRISTMAS CARDS AND CALENDARS
IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, INC.
876 Lexington Avenue (Near 65th Street), New York City
Catalog "C" on request

Brothers of Mercy
There is a growing demand for the care of the sick male patients. Young men from the ages of 16 to 40 are invited to inquire for further information from the novice Master.
Brothers of Mercy is a religious community.
49 Cottage Street **Buffalo, N. Y.**

October-Deeember Number of the
DUBLIN REVIEW
Feature articles by Christopher Dawson, Mrs. E. Wyatt, J. J. Saunders, and others. Secure this important issue by sending $4 for a year's subscription (single copy, $1) to THE COMMONWEAL, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., sole American Agent for the DUBLIN REVIEW.

would probably be to negotiate with Japan." If negotiation does not succeed, then all Indians are to deliver themselves up to martyrdom. Over and over again he has said that he sets much more store by his technique of non-violence than on Indian independence. He thinks, however, that "though non-violence in China might have meant the killing of the last Chinese," if "carried to its logical conclusion," the Japanese will get tired of massacre. (This was on April 3.) General Chiang Kai-shek tried to tell him that the Japanese "may not listen to active civil resistance and may make even the preaching of non-violence impossible." But as Mr. Raman remarks, "Almost the most marked trait of Gandhi's character is that evidenced by the virtual impossibility of reasoning with him." But Gandhi is not India; he is not even the whole Congress Party. Therefore Mr. Raman concludes justly, "Indians who want their country to be free and *therefore* are determined that this war shall be won, must reconcile themselves to a final break with Gandhian perversions of their country's policies during the war." Need I say that I completely agree with Mr. Raman? THEODORE MAYNARD.

We're in This with Russia. Wallace Carroll. Houghton. $2.00.

WALLACE CARROLL, director of the United Press's London office, traveled a few months both on the fighting front and through the Russian hinterland. He brought home a book with some information, with interviews and speculations of his own about Russia's future and the policy the United States should pursue toward the Soviet State.

Of some interest is his report on the recent armistice the militant godless organization has granted to the Churches. There is, according to Carroll, no active persecution of religion in Stalin's realm. The anti-religious movement is declining, but nobody knows the duration of this eclipse. On the other hand, the Soviet leaders still hold with Marx that "Religion is the opium of the people." Children may be given religious instruction only in the home; the teaching of science and history they receive in the public school has an anti-religious twist. And now, as before, those who practice religion are barred not only from the Communist Party, but also from its youth organizations.

Carroll does some wishful thinking and claims that after the war the Soviet State will be unable to exert a direct revolutionary influence—as it is still for two or three decades behind the standard of living of advanced countries like the USA. For the same reason, Carroll insists, the Soviet Union will direct its foreign policy to a long-term collaboration with the "capitalistic" countries. Unfortunately, social ideas are influenced not only by economic interests but also by sacrifices and sufferings, by lust for power and by even more mysterious emotions. So we are unable to find much insight and heartening comfort in the "prophetic" soap-bubbles of the author.

MAX FISCHER.

BRIEFERS

The Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia of Recorded Music. George Clark Leslie, Supervising Editor. S. & S. $3.95.

TO THE Gramophone Shop of New York City, a mere hole in the wall when it was begun on a shoestring some fifteen years ago, is due much credit for the orderly growth of American interest in serious recorded music. This volume is a revision and amplification of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the "Encyclopedia" of 1936. (The original editor, R. D. Darrell, receives here no special credit for his vast and pioneering labors.) The "Encyclopedia" efficiently and accurately tabulates many thousands of discs, but in no sense is it a critical guide to recorded music. Composers are identified in paragraphs which are, in the main, brief and discreet—with such exceptions as those on Bruckner, who is described as "boring" to the general public, and Mahler, whose works "anti-Mahler critics find, in their mixture of Beethoven, Wagner, Weber, Bruckner, and Mahler's own alternately hectic and diffuse personality, insufficient substance to warrant the tremendously expanded structures he built."

A Letter from Lisieux. The Scapular Press, Sea Isle City, New Jersey. $1.75.

HERE is a short biography of one sister of Saint Therese of Lisieux written by another of her sisters on the eve of Hitler's invasion of France. It will delight those who are familiar with the Little Flower's own autobiography and surprise many of us whose daily lives are all too filled with worldly thoughts. It is not easy to encompass holiness; this little book will help. The translation is well done by John Mathias Haffret, who has also written a very interesting short commentary.

Safe Deliverance. Frederick C. Irving. Houghton. $3.00.

ALL ABOUT obstetrics; exceptionally charming doctors' memoirs by the chief of the Boston Lying-in Hospital. A sprawling mixture, almost campfire talk. Yarns about obstetrics, a little acrid; the history of the hospital and of its previous chiefs; seemingly sound evaluation of the contributions of Semmelweis and of Holmes, of Morton and of Long; biography from Zeus to Simpson; and—oh!—James Simpson, in spite of many biblical Protestants, forced the British to accept anesthesia in childbirth. "When he was made a baronet in 1866, Sir Walter Scott . . . suggested that the device upon his coat of arms should be a 'wee nakid bairn' with the motto, 'Does your mother know you're out?'" By all means, give a copy to the young doctor; he will thrill to the life that is in it.

Mountains. Carroll Lane Fenton and Mildred Adams Fenton. Doubleday. $2.50.

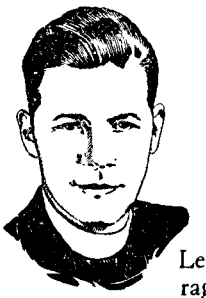
THIS BOOK uses the birth, growth and decay of mountains as the background for a popular presentation of the simpler truths of geology. The text misses the happy medium between the use of technical terms and the supposed necessity of writing "down" for the interested amateur. Nevertheless it is informative and unusually well illustrated. Careful reading will repay anyone interested in the many phases of nature revealed to the eye of every observant mountain climber.

The Inner Forum

Scholars at the Vatican

WHEN HE ENGAGED Jewish scholars for the libraries and academies of the Vatican, Pius XII followed in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor whose devotion to learning knew no bounds of race or creed.

Your Wisest Choice of a Gift for Everyone is a Bruce Book



THESE TWO HANDS

E. J. Edwards, S.V.D.

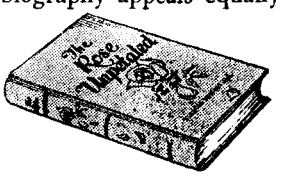
Author of THY PEOPLE, MY PEOPLE

Leprosy lurks in every beggar's rags . . . the people are strange and shiftless . . . the food and language are alien. This convincing novel of the interior struggles of a young missioner is ready just in time for a gift with the true Christmas spirit. **$2.25**

THE ROSE UNPETALED

Blanche Morteveille

Based on the personal writings of the Little Flower, this beautifullly written biography appeals equally to those already familiar with St. Therese's way of perfection and to those who want to know more about her. **$2.75**



PACK RAT

Francis C. Kelley

Bishop of Oklahoma City and of Tulsa

H. L. Mencken says of this fanciful satire: "I enjoyed it immensely. My usual taste is not for allegories . . . but you carry out yours with such dramatic effectiveness and ingenuity that I had begun to yield to it before I had gone two chapters." **$1.75**

MEN OF MEXICO

James A. Magner, S.T.D.

Biographies of seventeen of the outstanding leaders of paradoxical Mexico take you straight to the heart of our exotic ally to the south. **$4.00**

FACE TO THE SUN

Arthur R. McGratty, S.J.

A rousing good story, this novel gives the true picture of what Communism has meant in Spain, by vividly recounting the Spanish Civil War. *A Talbot Book Club selection.* **$3.50**

At your bookstore or from

The Bruce Publishing Co.

2412 Montgomery Bldg. Milwaukee, Wis.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And who gave proof of his magnanimity by helping Jewish professors, ousted from Italian universities, to continue in the shadow of Saint Peter their scientific work.

On his own initiative, Pope Pius XI proposed the late Dr. Tullio-Levi-Civitá, Italy's greatest physicist and professor of mathematics at the University of Rome, for membership in the Pontifical Academy of Science, the highest scientific body under papal patronage. And this at a time when Levi-Civitá had been rejected by Mussolini's Italian Academy on racial grounds. The Pope also appointed him chairman of the commission entrusted with the awarding of the Papal Prize, "Premio Pio XI." Indeed, so high was the esteem in which Pius XI held Levi-Civitá that, upon the death of the president of the Pontifical Academy, Padre Gianfranceschi, it was rumored for weeks that Levi-Civitá was in line for the post.

In 1938, Pius XI admitted the late Professor Vito Volterra, another famous Italian-Jewish mathematician, into the "Pontificia Accademia delle Scienze." As a scientist, Volterra ranked high, holding honorary degrees from the Sorbonne, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Oslo, Stockholm, and being president of the International Institute of Weights and Measures. He had been dismissed from his professor's chair because, to his eternal credit, he had refused to take the fascist oath and to renounce his democratic faith.

"God is the Master of the sciences," ruled the Pope, as he referred to the membership of Professor Volterra before the entire academy. "All human beings are admitted equally, without distinction of race, to participate, to share, to study and to explore truth and science."

This was the spirit that guided Pius XI in gathering to the bosom of the Vatican the great Jewish scholars cast out by fascist Italy. And this same love of learning and justice guides the present Pontiff. He displayed his magnanimity toward the Jews when he was informed of the dismissal of Professor Roberto Almagia from the chair of cartography at the University of Rome. Within twenty-four hours, he asked that Almagia be invited to the Vatican.

Almagia's fame as a geographer and as an expert on ancient and medieval maps was world-wide. In 1927 he was a member of the Italian Geographical Mission to Palestine. And he published a monograph which was an important contribution to precise knowledge of the Holy Land's topography and geography.

The Vatican possesses the greatest collection of old maps in existence. And thus the acquisition of Almagia to the Pope's official family of scientists was of immense value in the care and cataloging of these priceless documents of the past.

Almagia has become a familiar figure today as he enters the Vatican City by the St. Angelica gate to take a short cut to the library. He is saluted by the Swiss Guards as an official, and daily pores over the worn and torn parchments on which the ancients gave to us their concept of what the world and its parts looked like. Often he exchanges a word with Cardinal Tisserant or Cardinal Mercati, famed Vatican librarians and scholars who continue to visit the archives.

Fully as impressive is the figure of Dr. Giorgio Del Vecchio, who was, before the days of Mussolinian racialism, the "Rettore Magnifico" of the University of Rome and Dean of the Faculty of Law. To him must go the credit for the construction of a score of new buildings known as "University City" on the outskirts of Rome.

As with Professor Almagia, so with Del Vecchio, Pius XII asked that the discharged "Rettore Magnifico" be invited to the Vatican. When the learned jurist presented himself for audience, the Pope received him with his hands outstretched. He expressed to him his sympathy and then recalled that Del Vecchio, as rector of the University of Rome, had restored the Catholic chapel to the use of the university chaplain and the students. It had been closed for fifty-six years, following the fierce quarrels between Church and State from 1870.

"Conservation of spiritual values," said the Pontiff as he looked at Del Vecchio, "it the greatest of all tasks in our day amidst these storms of godlessness now sweeping the world."

Del Vecchio was assigned to research in the field of Roman jurisprudence.

Quite as striking is the case of Dr. Erwin Stuckold (now Stuecoli), formerly one of Germany's most skillful diagnosticians. He sought refuge in Rome following the nazi waves of persecution in 1933 and 1934. He had been the official physician both of the Italian embassy and the Apostolic nunciature in Berlin.

His fame had gone before him to Rome, and, upon his arrival, he was made consultant of the corps of physicians attending the late Pius XI during his last illness. Pius XII has reappointed him, and, although the Italian government has prohibited him from practicing outside Vatican City, he has become the regular physician of a number of Vatican personages, including Father Ledochowski, General of the Jesuits.

Pope Pius XII, like his august predecessor, is following Vatican tradition. And while keeping a strict line of demarcation between what is faith and what is science, he is protecting and placing many Jewish scholars under his patronage in recognition of their scientific achievements. Just as Pius XI never permitted race or religion to influence his awards for scholarship and discovery, so Pius XII has appointed and commissioned many Jews of learning in the academic institutions of the Holy See.

These magnanimous acts of the Vatican together with the bold challenge flung to the rulers of Vichy and their godless nazi masters reveal the wide abyss separating Christianity from Führer worship and violence.

EDWARD D. KLEINLERER.

CONTRIBUTORS

George N. SHUSTER, formerly managing editor of THE COMMONWEAL, is now President of Hunter College in the City of New York.

Charles D. MAGINNIS, a distinguished architect who has devoted his life the church design, practices his profession in Boston. He was formerly President of the American Institute of Architects.

T. D. LYONS sends in some more Dakota reminiscences from his Tulsa law office.

James N. VAUGHAN contributes his first column on the stage. He is a New York lawyer, formerly legal secretary to Mr. Justice Delehanty and a member of the faculties of Fordham and the New York Law School.

Rev. M. A. COUTURIER, O.P., a French Dominican caught in this country at the time of France's defeat, at present teaches at the College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore.

J. K. PAULDING is a New York critic who has had a lifelong interest in American literature.

Neil MacNEIL is assistant managing editor of the New York *Times*.

E. V. R. WYATT is the drama critic of the *Catholic World*.

H. C. F. BELL is the author of a monumental life of Palmerston and teaches at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

Annette C. WASHBURNE, M.D., is a practicing psychiatrist in Madison, Wisconsin.

Theodore MAYNARD, poet, lecturer, historian, is the author of many books of which the most recent is "The Reed and the Rock."

Max FISCHER is a globe-trotter now rendered immobile by the war and living in New York.

Edward D. KLEINLERER was for many years connected with the educational activities of the League of Nations and has had considerable personal contact with the Vatican.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christmas . . .

is earlier this year

In order that the Christmas rush will not jam the nation's already overtaxed transportation facilities and seriously hamper our war effort, the post office authorities have set earlier deadlines for mailing packages to various parts of the country this Christmas. It is important for everyone to cooperate.

That is an added reason for getting your Commonweal Christmas gift order in early this year. And the attached coupon makes the sending in of your list relatively simple. What gift could be more welcome in these bewildering times than a review which week in week out presents the comment of leading American and European writers on the issues of the day!

Where could you secure as welcome a gift for half the price? The more subscriptions you give the less each one costs you. Four or more subscriptions will cost you only $3.00 each; or you may have

1 Subscription for $5 2 Subscriptions for $8
3 Subscriptions for $10

U. S., Canada, and Latin American postal zone at these rates.
Other countries, postage per subscription, $1.00 extra.

THE COMMONWEAL, 386 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is $———. Send The Commonweal for one year to:

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

MY NAME IS _____

ADDRESS _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUYERS DIRECTORY

★ A classified alphabetical listing of approved sources of supply . . . products, services, etc. . . . for the Individual . . . the Home . . . the Institution. Rate for your message: 50c a line. Three lines minimum space. Discounts 10% for 13 times, 25% for 52 times.

BOOKS

★ Books: Used, Old, Rare.
For Librarians, Collectors, Readers.
Huge Stock. Reasonably Priced.
Catalogs free. Browsers Invited.
Want Lists Solicited. Libraries Purchased.
DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, INC.
66 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

★ Catholic Center for Browsers and Borrowers
ST. THOMAS MORE LENDING LIBRARY
1829 S. Gramercy Pl., Los Angeles, Ro. 5828.

★ OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND books searched for and quickly supplied at low prices. No charge or obligation for service. All subjects and in all languages. Genealogies, family and town histories. First editions supplied. Incomplete sets completed. Magazine back numbers supplied. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, Dept. 386, 117 West 48th Street, New York, N. Y. BRyant 9-5214.

BOOKMARK

★ A small card commemorating ERIC GILL has been printed and will be mailed without charge to anyone sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to David Hennessy, Maryfarm, Easton, Pa.

HOTEL

★ COPLEY PLAZA HOTEL
Boston, Mass.
2 minutes from Back Bay R.R. Station

IRISH BOOKS AND GIFTS

★ Books, Belleek China, Linens. Catalogs.
IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, Inc.
876 Lexington Ave. (near 65th), New York.

LANGUAGES

★ Bargain Phonograph Courses. All makes. Mail orders. *Booklet C free.* LANGUAGE SERVICE, 18 E. 41st St., New York City.

RELIGIOUS ARTICLES

★ Unusually fine framed pictures. Also real paintings. Wood-carved crucifixes 16", $15 up. Christmas cards. *Liturgical Art Sales Co.* 32 Park Pl. (BEekman 3-4306) New York.

WAR SAVINGS

★ THERE IS NO BETTER INVESTMENT than the United States. Your country needs your money to beat the axis aggressors, to stave off inflation. Invest in your family, your home, the things you hold nearest your hearts.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Stamps cost 10c and up. Bonds are sold at $18.75 and more.
Stamps may be converted into Bonds. Bonds pay 33 1/3% interest if held for ten years. Both are redeemable at purchase price.

Invest 10% *of your income in War Savings.*

Educational

PREP SCHOOLS—BOYS

PORTSMOUTH PRIORY SCHOOL

Portsmouth, Rhode Island (on Narragansett Bay, 8 Miles North of Newport). Conducted by Benedictine Monks assisted by lay masters. Six years' course. College preparatory. 120 acres. Every facility for sport and athletics. The Monks of this Congregation conduct Downside and Ampleforth schools in England and Fort Augustus in Scotland. Catalogue sent on request. For further information apply to the Secretary, Portsmouth Priory School, Portsmouth, Rhode Island.

CANTERBURY SCHOOL

A Leading New England Preparatory School. Conducted by Catholic Laymen. The Most Reverend Bishop of Hartford, Patron. Six Years' Course. College Board Examination. Complete Modern Equipment. Twenty-seventh year. Eighty miles from New York. Address: Nelson Hume, Ph.D., Headmaster, New Milford, Connecticut.

ALL HALLOWS

164th St. and Grand Concourse, New York City. Fronting Joyce Kilmer Park. Private day school for boys. Christian Brothers of Ireland. Primary, Grammar and High School. Chartered by Regents. Bus Service. Cafeteria. Write for Catalogue. Phone JErome 7-1930.

DELBARTON SCHOOL

A country day and boarding school conducted by Benedictine Monks for boys in the sixth to the ninth grades. Massive granite building. 400 acres. Intramural sports. Small classes. Personal supervision. Address: Headmaster, Delbarton School, Morristown, New Jersey. Morristown 4-3231.

COLLEGES—WOMEN—ILLINOIS

ROSARY COLLEGE

River Forest, Illinois. Conducted by the Dominican Sisters of Sinsinawa, Wisconsin. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Confers B.A., B.A. in L.S., B.M., B.S. degrees. In addition to Liberal Arts subjects, Majors are offered in Art, Music, Speech, Home Economics and Library Science. Library School accredited by the American Library Association.

MARYLAND

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

North Charles St., Baltimore, Maryland. An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Exceptional Advantages. For Information Address the Registrar.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

TRINITY COLLEGE

Washington, D. C. An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Beautifully located in the immediate vicinity of the Catholic University. Incorporated under the Laws of the District of Columbia and empowered by Act of Congress to confer degrees. Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. For particulars, address the Registrar of the College.

DUNBARTON COLLEGE OF HOLY CROSS

Washington, D. C. A Standard Catholic Senior College for Women. Conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross. For particulars address: The Registrar.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED